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Navies in the Spotlight

As everyone expected, Japan answered the virtual ultimatum of the United States, Great Britain and France with a refusal to disclose her naval building plans. The request for information had, indeed, been put in such terms as to make this answer almost inevitable unless the country were to "lose face" greatly, at home and abroad. At the same time, there are broad hints from Tokyo that if the powers will approach Japan with less ceremonial bellowing, they may get the information they seek. In Washington, official interpreters accepted the Japanese answer as ending all hope of negotiation and as signaling an unrestricted race in shipbuilding, both as to size and quantity.

Some voices were raised, however, on the other side. Representative Hamilton Fish urged another conference for limitation of armament and expressed his belief that Japan is entitled to the equal strength with Great Britain and the United States which they have always denied her, a refusal that was a chief cause of the breakdown of limitation. Senator King and Representative Maverick have also spoken out for a world naval conference. To this the only reply of the administration thus far has been to announce that asking a conference now would give an impression that we are "afraid." But this is a far from adequate answer. The people are, indeed, afraid. They are afraid that we shall be plunged into a naval building race that will bankrupt this and every other nation. They are afraid that the navy thus created will embroil us in foreign quarrels with which we have no legitimate concern. They are afraid of another general war in which we will be involved. In the face of such a prospect, it would be criminal folly not to seek every possible alternative course.

New Alignments in Europe

Important events are being shaped behind the scenes in Europe. Following Hitler's purge of the Reichswehr, he held a conference with Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria. It was at first reported that a complete agreement had been reached between them, and twenty-four hours later, that extremely serious difficulties still existed. Stories were also published that some sort of entente between England and Germany was in the making; certain reports went so far as to say that England is now prepared to give back part of the German colonies, and even that a four-power agreement among Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy is in sight. These rumors have proved false before, and perhaps they will again. There seems no doubt, however, that British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden is deeply troubled by the pro-Germanism of Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, some other members of the Cabinet, and important financial interests in London. Hardly less important are the Anglo-Italian negotiations that are under way. The suggestion is made that in return for recognition of the conquest of Ethiopia, belligerent status for Franco and other benefits, Mussolini will make a "token withdrawal" of some of his troops from Spain.

There is nothing in recent British diplomatic history to suggest that she might not make a fresh "Hoare-Laval plan" in Europe at the expense of Loyalist Spain and Soviet Russia—or for that matter, a similar plan

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in the Orient at the expense of China. Many people in England, including some members of the Cabinet, are in favor of Franco, against the USSR, and inclined to sell out for what they can get, in the Orient. That the policy they advocate would mean a world disaster hardly needs saying. We can see no objection to recognizing the existence of an Italian government in Ethiopia, just as for many years we argued in favor of admitting the existence of a Soviet government in Russia. We also see no particular objection, on moral grounds, to restoring to Germany some of her colonies: one set of white exploiters of a native population is much the same as another. Britain would make a grave error, however, if she took Mussolini's word about future withdrawal of his soldiers in Spain, while if she gave Hitler a blank check in the East, to invade Czechoslovakia or attack Soviet Russia, she would certainly bring about at once that general war she has been trying so desperately to avoid.

Stalin Writes a Letter

Extravagant interpretations are being put upon Stalin's letter to a young Communist agitator, published in Pravda. It has been suggested that by calling upon the world proletariat to aid Soviet Russia to defend herself against capitalist powers, and by predicting the eventual coming of socialism in all countries, as he does, by inference he is seeking to cut the ground from under the feet of the Trotskyites, both at home and abroad. We see no reason for reading into the letter more than it says, or interpreting it as a change in policy. When Stalin says that the victory of socialism in the USSR is not yet complete, he utters an obvious truth. When he calls for the proletariat in all countries to help the USSR resist attack, he does no more than thousands of Communist orators, inside Russia or outside of it, have done in the past. Whatever he may say about bourgeois governments, he will not relinquish the aid of bourgeois France, or the hope of aid from bourgeois England and America, until he has to.

Steel Wages and Prices

Nothing could do more to halt at the beginning a disastrous flood of wage reductions than the renewal of the contract between U. S. Steel and the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee at the same wages and hours as prevailed last year. It was striking that on the very same day came an announcement of reduction in prices of cold rolled sheets—in spite of the prior assertions that prices could not be reduced without reduction of wages. That the price cuts came in this particular item is probably due to a combination of factors—that there is more competition among the sellers here than in certain other steel products, and that the chief consumers are automobile companies which have a considerable amount of concentrated bargaining power. It would be economically healthy if the reduction were extended to other lines and were felt in the price of automobiles as well.

What the Farmers Need

Behind the complicated provisions of the new agricultural act just passed by Congress, which we expect to discuss in more detail in the near future, lie a few simple principles. The country has the capacity to produce, and frequently has produced, more of the ordinary food staples like wheat than can possibly be eaten in this country, as well as more cotton than we can consume at anything like our present level of purchasing power. Foreign demand for these staples has gradually, for various reasons, fallen away. If, therefore, the farmers are not to be periodically impoverished through low prices arising from unsalable surpluses, we must be ready to apply restriction of output whenever too large a supply is threatened. Since droughts and scarcity also occur occasionally, this control must be flexible and ought to be combined with provision for holding ample reserves of commodities. The danger of the measure, however, resides in the fact that it is negative and partial. The United States could both use a lot more of the higher-grade food products and provide industrial employment for surplus agricultural population, if industry and commerce could be kept going at a reasonably high pace, and city workers could have sufficient purchasing power. Without this relief, the farm legislation opens the way to larger and larger subsidies for the rural districts. The only real solution of the farm problem lies in solving our economic problem as a whole.

The Depression Marches On

Although the financial sections of the daily newspapers are filled with optimistic reports—as they were in 1930, 1931 and 1932—there is no reliable evidence that the new depression has reached its turning point. President Roosevelt a few days ago admitted that unemployment is increasing at the rate of a million a month, and conservative estimates now speak of 13,000,000 as out of work. The President has asked Congress for an additional $250,000,000 for work relief, and it seems fairly clear that much more will be needed. Meanwhile, the municipalities are having increasing difficulty in carrying their share of the burden. We mentioned last week the report of a special New York City committee which said that home-relief allowances in the metropolis are 40 percent below a decent maintenance standard, even though they are the best in the country. One-sixth of the population of New York is now on relief. It seems likely that the whole job of a great federal public-works system, pump-priming and all the rest of it, will have to be done over. Not only that, but apparently it will be necessary to start over on the task of explaining to the administration and to Congress what must be done, and why.

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Acquittal in Puerto Rico

It is welcome news that eleven Puerto Ricans have been acquitted by a district court at Ponce. They had been accused of killing a policeman in a riot on Palm Sunday, almost a year ago, and the absurdity of the charge is evident to anyone familiar with the facts. The Puerto Rican Nationalists had been given permission to hold a parade, and at the last minute and amid great confusion, the permission was revoked, although few if any of the paraders knew of this. When the procession advanced down the street, the police fired into the throng. Twenty-one were killed, and many injured, one of the dead being the policeman. There is a reasonable probability that he, like everyone else who was killed, was a victim of his own colleagues. The police action was a ghastly blunder and it is fair to suppose that the trial of eleven leaders in the Nationalist movement was an attempt by the administration to make this mistake seem a little less serious. The government, at the trial, made much of the fact that the Nationalists are plotting revolution against the United States. It all depends on the point of view. When the Americans plotted to get free from Great Britain they were patriots and heroes. When Puerto Ricans copy our example, they become criminals, to be dealt with severely. Luckily the jury took another view.

Minnesota Votes for Academic Freedom

Dr. William A. Schaper has been reinstated as a member of the faculty of the University of Minnesota (we reported this news in our issue of February 9; Dr. Charles A. Beard had given the facts of the case in our issue of January 19). It will be remembered that Dr. Schaper was summarily dismissed on suspicion of "pro-Germanism" after a star-chamber proceeding with no real chance to defend himself. We have now seen the full text of the resolution by which the present Board of Trustees sought to undo the harm created by its predecessor twenty years ago, and we are glad to find that not only did the Board express regret for the injustice to Dr. Schaper, but it took some steps to prevent a similar occurrence. It put on the record six points in regard to academic freedom that are worth quoting:

1. The University of Minnesota should not impose any limitation upon the teacher's freedom in the exposition of his own subject in the classroom or in addresses and publications.

2. No teacher may claim as his right the privilege of discussing in his classroom controversial topics that are not pertinent to the course of study that is being pursued.

3. The University of Minnesota should not place any restraint upon the teacher's freedom in the choice of subjects for research and investigation undertaken on his own initiative.

4. The University of Minnesota should recognize that the teacher in speaking or writing outside of the institution upon subjects beyond the scope of his own field of study is entitled to the same freedom and is subject to the same responsibilities as attach to all other citizens, but in added measure.

5. It is clearly understood that the University of Minnesota assumes no responsibility for views expressed by members of its staff; and the faculty members themselves should, when necessary, make it clear that they are expressing only their personal opinions.

6. If the conduct of a teacher in his classroom or elsewhere should give rise to doubts concerning his fitness for his position, the question should in all cases be submitted first to a committee of the faculty, and in no case should any member of the teaching staff be dismissed before the normal termination of his period of appointment without full and open hearing before the Board of Regents, should he desire it, and only upon sufficient notice.

Fine words, of course, are no guarantee against a return of hysterical intolerance when the heat is turned on once again, and the present Board of Regents cannot bind its successors. Nevertheless, we think it is important that a statement of this sort has been made.

Seattle Star Settlement

The American Newspaper Guild has won a notable victory in Seattle. The seven months' strike of the Guild against The Seattle Star has finally been settled and a contract signed which guarantees working conditions hitherto unknown in the city where Dave Beck, the notorious head of the teamsters' union, is trying to maintain his position as labor's boss. Throughout the long course of the strike Beck fought to break the power of the Guild, which is one of his most dangerous rivals. He supplied "goon squads" to help the police break the Guild's picket lines in the early days of the strike, he ordered the members of his own union to read The Star and he threatened to picket the establishments of business men who withdrew their advertising. But Beck's power, as has been shown in other recent instances on the Pacific Coast, seems to be declining. Even among the members of the teamsters' union there was a good deal of dissatisfaction; they refused to take the strike-breaking orders he issued. And public opinion in Seattle has turned sour on Beck's war against the CIO. The Guild appealed to the NLRB, which upheld the strikers' case from the outset of the dispute. It won the support of the Washington Commonwealth Federation and other progressive men and women in Seattle political life. The Guild has done an admirable job of defeating Seattle's powerful coalition of employers with the political-labor machine.

Rumania's Dictatorship

For the second time in less than two months Rumania has a new government. King Carol II has ended the violently anti-Semitic Christian Front regime of Octavian Goga and established in its place a royal dictatorship with a puppet ministry of "national con-

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centration" headed by Patriarch Miron Cristea, the leader of the Orthodox Church. The short period of the Goga regime will certainly stand as some of the blackest weeks of Carol's tempestuous rule. The persecution of the Jews, who virtually control Rumania's business activity, had brought her economic position to the verge of collapse. Her foreign allies, France, Great Britain and the Little Entente, had indicated their alarm at the sympathy Goga expressed for Germany and the Fascist powers. Russia warned that her agreements with Rumania would have to be reconsidered if the ties to Germany were strengthened. The pressure of these foreign governments coupled with the critical dissatisfaction of the various political factions at home were enough to force Carol to take away the power he had given the Christian Front. Without any delay the new ministry, acting under Carol's orders, proclaimed a modified state of martial law and put military leaders in control of local administration, with powers of arrest, search, trial and censorship. The parliamentary elections scheduled for March were postponed and freedom of the press abolished. As usual, it was promised that these restrictions would be only temporary.

Miss Cleghorn's Poem

The New Masses published a letter a week or two ago from a correspondent who, in passing, quoted a four-line poem, remarking that he did not know the name of the author. Since he also did not get the poem right, we take pleasure in setting him straight on both matters. The poem is by Sarah Cleghorn, who has been fighting for good causes these many years, looking out upon the world chiefly from her home in Vermont. (Her heart-warming autobiography was published year before last by Smith and Haas, whose books are now handled by Random House.) The poem reads:

> The golf links lie so near the mill
> That almost every day
> The laboring children can look out
> And see the men at play.

The only reason we have for correcting the New Masses letter-writer is the pleasure it gives us to reprint Miss Cleghorn's poem. (It appeared, by the way, in almost the last column Franklin P. Adams wrote for The New York Herald Tribune.) If someone else will please misquote it in public, we'll be very happy to print it again.

News Notes of a Week

The fighting in China was inconclusive during the week ending February 15. Chinese authorities were concerned, however, over the Japanese threat to the Peiping-Hankow Railroad. . . . In Spain, the stalemate of recent weeks continued. The Loyalists belittled Franco's loud boasts that he would soon have a million men in the field. . . . Great Britain's huge naval base at Singapore was formally opened, and significance was attached to the presence of three American cruisers. Cardinal von Faulhaber sharply criticized the anti-religious activities of the German Nazis. . . . As had been predicted, the election in Ulster gave no encouragement to those hoping for amalgamation of Ireland's North and South.

At home, the Treasury acted to modify its gold-sterilization policy, in the interest of cheaper money and easier credit. In future, the first $100,000,000 in gold entering the country in each quarter will not be sterilized. . . . The United States Army announced that in any future war it will not bomb civilians; the decision is not humanitarian but is based on the belief that such bombing costs more than it is worth. . . . Mr. Justice Black continued his series of dissents from Supreme Court decisions on the general ground that a corporation is not a person and therefore not entitled to hide behind the Fourteenth Amendment. . . . Arguments were heard from friends and foes of the proposed equal-rights amendment. . . . American artists were indignant over reports that the New York World's Fair will have no exhibit of contemporary work.

Mr. Hull's Foreign Policy

SECRETARY HULL'S LETTER to Representative Louis Ludlow contains the answers to the questions that peacefully inclined Congressmen have been worrying about, if they have the wit to interpret it in terms of action and reality. The answers indicate, in our opinion, that the United States government has embarked on a policy that is disapproved by a majority of the American people because it involves a genuine danger of war.

The Secretary acknowledges the desire of the country for peace, to be sure, and avers that his policy is directed toward that end. This statement, however, is a formality that may be found in the words of the rulers of every nation, including Hitler, Mussolini and the spokesmen of Japan. Everyone gives at least lip-service to peace; the question is what the price of peace is, and whether the statesman is willing to pay it.

The following sentences give the clue to Mr. Hull's answers to this question:

> In my opinion all of the ships and auxiliary services provided for in the proposed naval program are needed for national defense of the United States and its possessions. . . .
>
> We believe, however, that the people of this country desire that the country be respected, that our nationals and our interests abroad be given fair treatment and that there should prevail in the world conditions of peace, order and security. . . . If it is prepared and known to be prepared,

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the likelihood of its being drawn into trouble will either be absent or greatly diminished.

In the first sentence, the significant word is "possessions." No exception is made in the case of the Philippines. A navy strong enough to protect the Philippines is, of course, a navy strong enough to defeat Japan in Asiatic waters. Such a navy must be much greater in tonnage, and far different in character, from one sufficient to defend the continental United States. Such a navy is what the President is now asking for.

The second and third sentences indicate that the Secretary of State wants to be prepared to defend American citizens, commerce and investment in any part of the world and, further, that he wants to be prepared to defend "peace, order and security" in any part of the world, aside from any direct interests of our own. It implies that he wants to be able to protect American citizens and investments in China, even at the cost of threatening war to do so. It implies that he wants to protect our right to ship arms and other contraband to China or to warring European nations —the very activity that got us into the last world war. It implies that he wants to be able to stop an aggressor nation like Japan from upsetting "peace, order and security" as she has done in China.

The acts of the administration in the present crisis give point to this interpretation. The Neutrality Act, which it has refused to invoke, embodies a sharply contrasted policy. This law is designed explicitly to keep us at peace when other nations are at war, by giving up the attempt to protect our nationals and investments in war zones, and by refusing to try to maintain "peace, order and security" in any part of the world where others may start fighting. Its adherents believe that either the protection of our interests abroad or the quixotic desire to punish aggressor nations is of less importance to the United States than the avoidance of the blight of war. They believe that preparedness, backing up threats against others, never yet prevented involvement in serious hostilities. They believe that the President and the Secretary of State are repeating, as nearly as history ever repeats itself, the selfsame process by which the pacifist Woodrow Wilson took us into the European war in 1917. Only, this time the responsibility of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull is greater because they are openly defying the policy laid down, after long study of experience, by Congress. The naval program now submitted to Congress by the administration is one which is the logical result of failure to apply the Neutrality Act. It is not appropriate to defense of our territory in North America; it is appropriate only to ability to intervene in foreign wars.

Congressmen also have wanted to know whether and to what extent we are coöperating with other nations—especially Great Britain. Secretary Hull answers this question also. We have no "alliances or entangling commitments." But we do "exchange information" with countries "having common interests and common objectives," we "confer with these governments" and, where practical, we "proceed along parallel lines." This gives ample support to the belief that there is a sort of gentlemen's understanding or "entente cordiale" among Great Britain, France and the United States—perfectly shown in the almost identical notes sent to Japan demanding to know her naval plans.

Nobody ought to object to friendly coöperation among these three nations for its own sake. If we want to go to war, it is much better to have them on our side. If we are not going to war, friendship is better than enmity in any case. But this is not the crucial question. The crucial question is, what policy are the three nations going to follow, and is it one that the citizens of the United States approve? Is it, in other words, a policy that leads us closer to war? At present, all indications are that it does. Great Britain has far larger interests than ours in Asia; but her fleet is not yet big enough to defend them and still to fend off danger in the Mediterranean. With a big American navy active in the Far East, and active along "parallel lines," her empire would be much more secure. But the United States would be much less so—if we interpret our security as lack of entanglement in war. There is no reason why we cannot keep the friendship of Great Britain without building a navy twice the size of Japan's, as the administration now wants to do. It is better to stop floods in the Mississippi Valley than to have superdreadnaughts plowing through the China Sea.

The Congressmen now have, in effect, their answer. The administration does not want to avoid the risk of war by withdrawing from war zones. It does want a navy capable of threatening all comers; it wants to buy a stack of chips in the game of international bluff. Its eyes are centered more on China than on unemployment and soil erosion at home. What is the answer of Congress?

After the French Crisis

M. CHAUTEMPS has replaced M. Chautemps. This is the simple conclusion of the crisis which one month ago shook France in an atmosphere of labor troubles, stock-exchange panic and sensational revelations of an armed plot against the Republic. The real complexity of this crisis is only stressed by the apparent simplicity of its outcome. Both in France and abroad, public opinion is still divided in its evaluation of the events.

Many observers insist on comparing the present situation in France with that of 1926 and 1932. Then too, it is pointed out, Leftist coalitions had been shattered in an unsuccessful attempt to break through the "Wall of Money." By those under the influence of the formidable propaganda machine of the French reac-

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tionaries, Chautemps' fall is interpreted as the collapse of the People's Front. But this interpretation overlooks a new and fundamental fact: that since 1936 the Leftist majority in France has been not only a parliamentary alignment, but also a powerful popular movement. The existence of this movement had a decisive influence on the course of the recent crisis, which had been provoked not by a split within the ranks of the People's Front, but by an attempt to split it from without. During the negotiations preceding the formation of a new Cabinet, the President of the Republic received over 80,000 telegrams from individuals and organizations firmly demanding that the popular will should be respected. There is no doubt that the direct intervention of the voters prevented Bonnet from forming a Centrist coalition and disrupting the Leftist majority in Parliament.

The new government does not contain any Socialist members. In this sense the Rightist maneuver scored a point. But at the same time, Chautemps, in his ministerial declaration before the Chamber of Deputies, was forced to proclaim his loyalty to the policies of the People's Front.

The new Cabinet is faced with urgent tasks. One of them is the liquidation of the "Hooded Men." The latest disclosures concerning this counter-revolutionary organization prove its close ties with German, Italian and French business circles. At least part of the funds which were put at its disposal came from Michelin, the well known tire manufacturer. It is widely believed that the desire to get rid of Max Dormoy, the Socialist Minister of the Interior who showed real zeal in prosecuting the criminals, was to a great extent responsible for the crisis. But if the reactionaries' aim was to distract public attention, they failed completely. The recent explosion of a stock of seized grenades, which cost the lives of fifteen people, has again made public opinion alert, and energetic action is demanded even by some sections of the Right.

The fundamental problem of the new Cabinet is, however, not political but economic, although these matters are interlinked. France is suffering a serious depression. The advanced social legislation enacted by Blum in 1936, in order to be effective, must be completed by financial reforms. In 1936, a return of prosperity was expected from a spontaneous increase of business.

But the events of the last two years are proof that such hopes are vain. Left-wing opinion charges that French big business, helped by London bankers, sabotaged French production, and instead of investing capital in new machinery, exported it abroad, hoping to regain political power by economic maneuvering. Today, the Socialist leaders are convinced that the time has come to adopt the measures foreseen in the original People's Front program. This program demanded a "democratic reform of the tax system," "measures directed against large fortunes," "taxation of monopoly profits," "control of exports of capital, and punishment for evasion by the most rigorous measures, up to the confiscation of property."

It is around these financial questions that the future battles will be fought, and 1938 promises to be a lively year in French politics. The common opinion is that the new Chautemps government is an unstable, temporary combination. But "nothing is as permanent as the temporary," says a French proverb. In its first test before Parliament, the new Cabinet won the vote of confidence by a majority of 500 to 1—the largest majority ever given a French government. The meaning of this vote is that no party felt strong enough to run the risk of overthrowing it, and all decided to await developments.

It is entirely possible that Chautemps will be succeeded by a Cabinet which will give shape to an idea launched by Blum during the recent crisis: a national concentration around the People's Front. Should a threatening situation develop in the international field —nearly everybody in France expects important events to take place in March—a solution of this sort might be accepted.

In the meantime, the actual policies of the new Chautemps Cabinet will be determined by the relation of forces outside Parliament. The responsibility of the Socialist Party—the largest in Parliament—is very great. Its attitude in the recent crisis has not been quite clear. Blum is blamed for having too easily given up the idea of forming a People's Front government similar to the one in 1936, but with the participation of the Communists. As a result of the crisis, however, the solidarity of the proletarian parties has increased. On the success of the efforts that are made toward their unification depends the ultimate fate of the People's Front.

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The Communists and the CIO

IN THE MASS OF REPLIES AND COUNTER-ATTACKS written to answer Benjamin Stolberg's "Inside the CIO" there has been one significant omission. The pamphlet, as everyone knows, was serialized in the Scripps-Howard papers in January, in twelve instalments. As its main point was that Communists were in control of many CIO unions and were disrupting others, and as it appeared while the CIO was being attacked as Communist in New Jersey and elsewhere, it has provoked answers out of proportion to its importance as a piece of labor journalism. Although it is far below the level of Stolberg's writing in general, written in a flat dogmatic prose that shows nothing of his gift for invective, and filled with contradictions more apparent when it is studied as a whole than in its individual chapters, it is nevertheless the most thoroughgoing attack on the CIO that has appeared.

It has consequently been highly praised by The New York Herald Tribune, by George Sokolsky and others, and Tom Girdler has used its revelations to justify his stand on refusing to deal with the CIO in the Little Steel strike of last summer. On the other hand, the fact that reactionaries have praised it has been one of the main lines of the Communist Daily Worker's answer to it. Another line has been to emphasize its factual inaccuracies, of which there were, apparently, many. Passages attacking Harry Bridges and describing developments in the CIO on the West Coast were omitted from The San Francisco News, which also paid its editorial respects to local opinion by observing that Stolberg had been less than fair to Bridges. The Cleveland News editorially corrected errors in Stolberg's history of the Newspaper Guild; the Socialist Party of Michigan corrected his description of the position of leading Socialists in the Automobile Workers' union; and almost every single section of the pamphlet has been challenged in important particulars by people who were in a position to know the facts. Although the errors reduce the authority of "Inside the CIO," their effectiveness as answers to Stolberg's charges is doubtful. For one thing, any account trying to cover the entire organization on its most controversial side would be likely to contain some mistakes. For another, the labor people who are aware of them are not likely to be the ones most impressed by Stolberg's series, and the audience most influenced is not likely to be informed about his mistakes or the bias they reveal. Moreover, they will probably be corrected when the series is published as a whole by the Vanguard Press.

The Daily Worker's answer—so much of it as has appeared—has attacked Stolberg as a Trotskyite and has advanced an interesting theory that Stolberg is attempting to unite the Lovestonites with Trotsky's followers. The Stolberg pamphlet contains a good deal of material to support this view—it gives friendly portraits of Jay Lovestone and Homer Martin in marked contrast with its scathing accounts of other trade-union leaders such as Hillman and Bridges, exaggerates the quality of leadership in unions like the ILGWU, where the Lovestoneites have influence, and contains favorable accounts of trade unionists like Lundberg of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific, who are advised by Trotsky's followers. But as is the case with most such polemics, The Daily Worker's answer is too complex to reach the audience Stolberg addresses and it is moreover weakened by the assumption that underlies so much Communist writing—that if criticism can be traced to a faction, or more particularly Trotsky, the arguments can be dismissed.

The extraordinary fact about "Inside the CIO" is that it could be written and circulated at this stage of the CIO's growth. The CIO, as Stolberg admits, has made the greatest record for practical achievement in the history of American labor. In the 800 days of its organized existence it has grown from a loose collection of ten unions with about a million members to a group of thirty-two unions with a membership of about four millions. The story is too well known to be repeated: in steel, in autos, in rubber, in timber, shoes, the maritime industry, textiles, the CIO's record has been one of growth in fields that had resisted every other organizing agency and every other organizing technique.

The National Labor Union grew by some 500,000 members in six years in the late 60's, the Knights of Labor by 300,000 in 1886, the A. F. of L. by 800,000 in 1920, but these increases, sensational as they were in their period, cannot be compared to that of the CIO. The recent growth of the A. F. of L is likewise of a different order; it has largely come about, as Lewis said, because "we have been keeping the wind off them." In crudest numerical terms—the least important side of the CIO's growth, as will be pointed out—the CIO's record stands as a major achievement of the American working class. In spite of its present halt before depression, and despite internal rivalries it is beginning to show, its history to date, if it should disappear as a historical force hereafter, would stand as a central fact of this period.

But the CIO has grown without creating a body of literature that would document its growth and make its struggles intelligible. American labor journalism—using the term in its broadest sense to include fiction, labor histories, labor papers, economic studies—has always been far behind American writing in general: its newspapers have been infrequent and partisan sheets;

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its fiction has been emotional and unrealistic, its histories have been academic. No field of journalism is so difficult as labor, and a lot of unfriendly writing that labor people believe arises from prejudice is simply the result of some reporter's surrender before the confusion of a strike or the complexities of a union dispute.

The CIO changed almost every aspect of the American labor movement, but it has not changed this very much. Its papers are getting better, and in some of them—The Timber Worker, The NMU Pilot, to name only two—you can find passages of good writing, fresh and independent, that suggest the presence in the unions of talent able to write the kind of records that are needed. But they are isolated, and the papers in general are still doing business along the lines of the old trade-union weeklies, concerned with immediate issues and news notes from the locals.

There is no popular history of the CIO. One I have seen in manuscript is characteristic of well meaning and ineffectual labor writing, consisting of dry factual passages alternating with emotional and impressionistic descriptions of incidents in strikes. There is no biography of Lewis that makes sense of his career, nor are there intelligent appraisals of the other leaders of the CIO who, unknown two years ago, have become leading figures in the American labor movement. There is no full and detailed account of the great longshoremen strikes, of the rubber strikes, of the auto strikes that stand out as the most dramatic and consequential in American labor history. Because there is none, it is possible for writing like Stolberg's to flourish. Indeed, in one sense "Inside the CIO" can be described as a recoil from the sentimentality and evasion of so much labor writing. Its cynical and spiteful descriptions of labor leaders who are supposed to be motivated only by personal jealousies and the desire for power may be described generously as the result of an overdose of unrealistic portraits. Its black picture of intrigue, corruption and doubledealing within unions is made possible only because factional differences are so systematically evaded in union writing and the struggles and their bases are not intelligently described.

The conflict in the Auto Workers' union is the foundation of Stolberg's criticism of the CIO. He devotes only three of his twelve chapters to it, but he generalizes from it and it forms the basis for his criticism of the other unions. Aside from this, "Inside the CIO" is arid: there is a silly comparison of Dubinsky and Hillman making up one chapter, in which Dubinsky is praised and Hillman damned; three chapters on the Auto Workers; a misleading account of the differences between Lundberg and Bridges on the West Coast; a description of the National Maritime Union that contains ludicrous contradictions—after praising the union for its growth, its work in improving conditions on ships, its freedom from internal conflicts, despite Communist influence in it, Stolberg finds it "even more the victim of policy having nothing to do with American labor." The account of the Newspaper Guild contains the same contradictions, together with errors of fact, and the remainder of the pamphlet is a perfunctory survey of the organizing drives in oil, aluminum and other industries, together with irrelevant judgments on the personalities of their leaders and creaking melodramatic interludes whenever the Communists appear.

In describing how the Amalgamated Clothing Workers set up employer associations in the chaotic, sweatshop-ridden needle-trades industry to protect union standards—a long established practice—Stolberg says, in prose surprisingly labored and confused, "His [Hillman's] technique has always been to organize employers as well as employees in order to persuade the manufacturers that it is excellent business to deal with the union. . . . But plain experience has shown that this broad view of things cannot psychologically represent labor as well as straight union protection can." And sometimes Stolberg's prose is so confusing that it would seem deliberate design could not make it more so, as when he compares the change from craft to industrial unionism to a social convulsion as sweeping as the Civil War—a confusion particularly unfortunate in this case because it is likely to alarm his middle-class audience and because it follows a passage in which Stolberg insists that only fascist violence can destroy the industrial unions.

Aside from its account of the Auto Workers, "Inside the CIO" is negligible. And if there were a more widespread understanding of the background of the dispute in that union it would have been impossible for Stolberg to describe the conflict in the terms he employs. Supporting Martin, he says flatly that the opposition—the Unity group led by Wyndham Mortimer—is Communist, or Stalinist, with no program beyond destroying Martin and "imposing on the union a communist-guided leadership." The fact that members of the Unity group, including the Reuther brothers, are Socialists, he dismisses as "just a smoke screen." The Progressives under Martin, he says, want to strengthen the union, renew the General Motors contracts, and organize Ford. The opposition, unable to oppose these objectives, has resorted to slander, trickery and criminal activity, including the misuse of union funds.

The celebrated incident of September 30, 1937, in which Martin greeted union members with a gun in his hand, is described as the result of a Communist plot to embarrass him. The opposition is held responsible for "a great many" of the unauthorized sitdown strikes that followed the General Motors settlement. Mortimer, Stolberg says, was a member of the negotiating committee that agreed to evacuate the factories: "But immediately the word was sent down the line ordering an agitation among the sit-downers to con-

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tinue the strike." Last November, when the agreement with General Motors was being discussed, according to Stolberg, a suitable contract had been worked out but was sabotaged by the opposition and Martin let himself be browbeaten into denouncing it. Now the attacks on Martin have stopped, but the change of heart means nothing because the opposition is following the Communist Party line "and the line changes with the internal situation and the foreign policy of the Soviet Union."

The situation in the Auto Workers is too complex to be outlined as Stolberg does it, nor can it be adequately treated here. The sitdown strikes were among the greatest in history, the growth of the United Auto Workers is unequaled, and even a slight knowledge of it makes you wonder, not that disputes have followed it, but that so few leaders were unnerved by the power suddenly thrust into their hands. But a few aspects of it will suggest how, because of the lack both of histories of the strike and a general understanding of the issues, Stolberg is able to select incidents capriciously to prove his case.

The members of the Unity group are not, as Stolberg says, Communists or their creatures; they include organizers whose ability was proved in the sitdown strikes and who in some respects have shown a record for strike leadership that no other union in the country can match. That does not prove the Unity group is correct, but it is one of the things that establish its claim as a principled opposition. The importance of the gun incident was not that Martin was embarrassed, but that it occurred a few days before the Detroit municipal election and is credited with having lost the CIO candidates 20,000 votes; and it was not the dismissal of organizers in a payroll purge, as Stolberg says, but their dismissal *at that time* (and after an agreement had been made that they would not be dismissed until after the election) that created the crisis. The issues between the two factions are not over organizing Ford, renewing the General Motors agreement and strengthening the union, but involve fundamental questions of tactics, of policy, of timing, of centralization of control, of economic theory. The opposition to the General Motors agreement, for example, was not based only on personal hostility to Martin. It involved conflicting views of the severity and duration of the current recession and the position of the automobile industry (and the auto-parts industry) in it. These points are not brought up as defenses of the Unity group, but as evidence of the superficiality and bias of Stolberg's account and to suggest what the absence of a general understanding of these matters may cost the CIO.

For that absence alone makes it possible for subjects as consequential as these to be discussed in terms of schoolboy conspiracies and boarding-school jealousies, as Stolberg discusses them. The CIO, I repeat, is one of the major achievements of the American working class, and in creating it every important working-class group except the old-line leaders of the A. F. of L. has coöperated. In terms of its leadership, the group that was once known as the progressives in the A. F. of L. will be credited in history with establishing it, but both the Socialists and the Communists have supported it, and there is nothing in the record, despite Stolberg's melodrama, to justify an assertion that either has betrayed it. The Communists have certainly gained influence since they dropped the dual unions organized in the Trade Union Unity League, but they have not gained proportionately with the general increase in working-class influence since the CIO came into being. And to write of the CIO in terms of their activities in isolated unions, to select confused and violent incidents as typical of their activities, and to present this mass of rumor and legend as the central fact about the CIO at this time is to reveal an insensitivity to history too gross to be called blind, a bias too distorting to be called prejudice.

By Stolberg's own account, if his figures are dissociated from his conclusions, the radicals in the CIO constitute only an insignificant fraction of the total membership. Of this fraction, that part which is most bitter in assailing "the Stalinists"—the group known commonly as "the Trotskyites"—is itself but a minute part. Of the men at the top of the organization or any of its constituent unions, hardly one is a radical of any stripe. The public gets an exaggerated idea of the influence of radical elements because they are very vocal and make themselves seem more important than they are, at the same time doing a similar service for members of other and opposing radical groups.

When you inquire what the radical minorities are doing in the unions you find them fighting, like any other union man, for better wages and working conditions and fair treatment from their employers. When they quarrel with other individuals inside their own unions—as union members have always quarreled and doubtless always will—it is over the wisdom or unwisdom of specific policies in terms of wages and hours and responsibilities. I am aware of no evidence whatever, and I am unable to find anything specific in Stolberg's 20,000-word indictment, to prove that any important figure in the CIO, whatever his theoretical ideas in the political field, is working for anything else than to make his union and its fellows stronger and more responsible. Conflicts arise over questions of how this is to be accomplished, and the positions of opposing groups within the unions are, whether they wish it or not, related to the theories of rival political parties and factions. But the effort to solve every such argument in your own favor by declaring that your opponent is taking his orders from Moscow and is out to wreck the union, is not only too simple and easy to be true. It plays directly into the hands of those

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who prefer weak unions to strong ones, and would like still better none at all, and it makes impossible any intelligent discussion of the issues, of the theories on which opposing views are based, of the quality of leadership charged with carrying out policies that lead to failure or success.

The record of the CIO is the greatest in American labor history, and not merely in terms of its numerical growth. If it should be destroyed tomorrow, or if it should disintegrate as a result of the disputes Stolberg finds within it, its brief career would still necessarily be studied by historians as a central fact of this period —for its part in inspiring labor legislation, in shattering entrenched political groups like the Republican machine in Pennsylvania or Tammany in New York, for the social consequences involved in its transformation of anti-union strongholds like Detroit and Pittsburgh into relatively strong union cities, for its role as a stabilizing force in labor disputes that had been, before its emergence, sporadic and convulsive. If it should disappear overnight, historians would still be justified in ranking its leaders with the dominant political figures of its years, its policies with those of the major political parties, its strikes, its victories and defeats, its collisions with the A. F. of L., as events of comparable importance with acts of the Roosevelt administration and the swings of the economic cycle.

The CIO has made its gains without creating a nationwide panic, without creating fears of an imminent revolution—a fear that, however unjustified, arose when the Knights of Labor and the A. F. of L. grew far less rapidly. It has grown with no scandals on its record comparable to the seriousness of the charges of dynamiting brought against the Western Federation of Miners—with no scandals, indeed, except Harry Bridges' Australian birth, the impoliteness of some seamen on a freighter, and the gossip Stolberg has collected. It has grown peacefully. You have only to think back on the violent strikes in the summer of 1934, in Toledo, Minneapolis, San Francisco and in the textile industry, to realize how the mood of labor has changed since the CIO appeared, and to see how completely those desperate lunges on the part of the working class have given way to confidence in a relatively orderly advance.

But it has grown without stimulating the historians or the journalists whose function it should be to make its struggles intelligible to the general public. In its rise it has created a kind of cultural vacuum, producing a need for volumes of analysis, of history, of legends, the vast miscellaneous documentation of its victories and defeats. This is one of its mistakes that Stolberg does not list: its failure to encourage a working-class literature—candid and realistic accounts of every strike, the set-up in every industrial town, matters of policy and strategy and disputes within and without—that by its very existence would make writing like Stolberg's impossible.

ROBERT CANTWELL

Silencing Germany's Generals

MANY MONTHS MUST PASS before we really know how deep the fascist axe has bitten into the army of the Third Reich. The reports at hand are fragmentary in the extreme. New figures have moved in at the top. A fairly large number of officers, it seems established, are being held prisoner, if only under house arrest, and a great many more have been shifted into new posts, though we cannot yet tell just what the extent of the reshuffling has been. One thing, however, is clear. All talk of Hitler as the "prisoner of the Reichswehr," of von Blomberg as the real power behind the regime, was finally given the *coup de grâce* on February 4. If there was ever a time for the army to assert its control, it was then. Berlin is surrounded with new barracks, plane squadrons, artillery regiments and ammunition dumps, but the fascist power broke through the iron ring and laid its hands upon the proud officer caste itself, a group which rode the stormy waves of World War defeat, revolution, Versailles and republican rule without any important diminution of its strength.

Von Blomberg has made way for General Keitel, as loyal to Hitler as his predecessor was and infinitely more popular with the army heads. General von Brauchitsch is the new Commander in Chief. Last year he was charged with the development of the mechanized divisions, before that he was commander of the First Army Corps with headquarters in Königsberg, East Prussia. As the outpost of fascism's military preparations against the USSR, the East Prussian command has always been carefully reserved for officers whose loyalty to the Nazi regime and its fundamental orientation was above question. Before von Brauchitsch, the post was held by von Blomberg. Now that it is open again, Königsberg has been given to General von Reichenau, whose ties to the regime are very close.

We may be sure that the vigor of Hitler's action took the High Command completely by surprise. Had they not been taken into full partnership? Were not the Services, as the 1938 Army Calendar put it, "together with the party, with which they are indissolubly linked . . . the backbone, the very foundation of the new Reich"? Hitler, in "Mein Kampf," had written that "in the Nationalist state, the army must be regarded as the last and highest stage of patriotic education." The General Staff got what it wanted in a

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fashion that would have seemed fantastic even under the Hohenzollerns. Secure in the belief that Chancellor Hitler would remember the pledges he gave after his Storm Troopers murdered General von Schleicher in June, 1934, the High Command grew more and more confident of itself and critical of the regime. Military journals indulged in plain speaking and printed the unpleasant facts which more vulnerable papers shunned.

The generals had welcomed the opportunity of rebuilding their organization but they saw no need for swallowing the Nazi ideology whole. The army, or an important section of its officer corps, has differed with practically every major policy of the Hitler government. Even General Göring, for example, saw his way clear to appointing non-Aryan General Milch as his second-in-command at the Air Ministry the day after Hitler took power and has maintained him in that position ever since, despite the introduction of the Aryan paragraph into the army. Germany's militarists have never been noted as political progressives. They are not today; but there is a hard kernel of professional intelligence which warned them that the Third Reich was again treading the road to disaster. That conflict was inherent in the relationship between army and government before February 4. It persists today and will as long as a recklessly adventurous regime ignores the hard facts of its internal and world position to beat the drums of war.

Important elements in the officer corps believed that the Nazi creed, despite its emphasis on physical strength and force, was warping the balanced development of the Reich's fighting machine. The whole concept of a mass army, inherent in Nazi philosophy, was objectionable to them. With the "Volksheer" an accomplished fact, they feared the development of an unthinking, mechanical type of discipline, to the neglect of that mental alertness and individual intelligence so important in modern mechanized war.

It is an open secret that the Services have thoroughly disapproved of the Hitlerite adventure in Spain. They know how far from ready Germany still is, how fundamentally weak the system of alliances which the Foreign Office has constructed. These old warriors cannot drive from their minds the memory of hungry men who could no longer fight in that war of twenty years ago, unless there was food to be captured. But, worst of all, they see a regime which, despite all experience, insists on teaching that Germany's defeat was not due to hunger but to the Marxist-Liberal-Jewish *"Dolchstoss"*—the stab in the back. Colonel Thomas, chief of the military-economic staff of the War Ministry and one of the most powerful men in Germany, stated the plain truth a year ago: "In a word, we lost because we did not recognize the far-reaching connection between military operations and economic warfare. . . ."

What Colonel Thomas only implied for the future, General Wilhelm Marx, writing in a recent issue of the Militär Wochenblatt, made painfully explicit. "I hold it absolutely necessary to refer to this unpleasant but inescapable fact," he contended. "The contrary theory is always heard that it was not the starving troops but the 'defeatist propaganda' or the 'paper bullets' which were decisive. . . . The key to the disruption of our 1918 offensive is—the famished troops would not advance past the well stocked enemy commissaries.

"Greater still," continues General Marx, "is the danger that we do not note these influences carefully enough, that we stride over them carelessly and comfort ourselves again with the same idea. If we ever again fight a great war in which our opponents discharge six times as many shells as we, in which their troops have plenty while we must content ourselves with a bit of moist bread and some turnips—if we then not only hold out for four years but actually win despite the entry against us in the final year of a great power with millions of fresh soldiers—then, but only then, will I admit that I was wrong. . . ."

General von Metsch is another who has poured out his gloomy prophecies to wide circles. His first study appeared early last year and predicted that Germany, subjected to another 1918, would inevitably crack up. He has returned to the fray with another volume published late in 1937 under the innocent title of "Timely Thoughts on Clausewitz." Again von Metsch stresses the "possibility that Germany may be defeated in another war," and bewails "the tragic characteristic of German policy always to stand in the minority." The present position of Germany, he finds, is more dangerous than in Clausewitz' day—when a large portion of German soil was in the hands of Napoleon. It should be added that this author finds sterner repression and more dictatorship the only means toward that national unity which he too considers all important.

Von Metsch is scornful of Germany's allies, and in fact there seems to be little rejoicing anywhere in miliary circles over the new-found friends. It is hard for realists to see how the Reich's shortage in raw materials can be overcome by alliances with two other nations bearing the same cross. The army has other ideas. During the period of the republic many officers favored an understanding with Russia, and there is occasional evidence that this school of thought has not entirely disappeared from even the highest ranks. Others—this tendency is said to be strong in the air force and in the navy—are anxious for an understanding with Great Britain. Toward Italy, on the other hand, there is a very lively distrust, an attitude which is traditional with the Germany army.

A new day has, of course, dawned. Italy is an ally again, but those who know say that the reaction in German army circles to the thumping Italian defeat at

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Guadalajara was hardly one of deepest sorrow. "The [rebel] infantry no longer fights," complains the 1938 "Yearbook of the German Army" of the war in Spain, "but simply occupies devastated and evacuated areas. In spite of the significance of air warfare in Spain, nowhere have aviators cried so loudly for decent infantry coöperation. Their entire effort is wasted if no foot soldiers are at hand to penetrate and occupy the strategic points." There are, it will be remembered, some 80,000 Italian infantrymen fighting in the Spanish war.

Germany's General Staff is skeptical in the extreme of Italy's ability to perform the tasks which a major war would impose upon her. In "The Conquest of Ethiopia," published by the War Ministry in 1937, Colonel von Xylander damns that effort with the faintest of praise. "The present regime has striven, since its seizure of power, to organize a warlike race. . . . At the beginning of political tension over Ethiopia it almost seemed at times as if it had failed. The undertaking was not popular. The mobilization of soldiers did not proceed without opposition. Greater wars bring greater difficulties. Only the event itself will tell if the Italian people and soldiers are ready to meet them."

The War Ministry released its annual report last September just before Il Duce entrained for his tour of the Reich. "The successful end of the Ethiopian war," the document declared, "was essentially due to the surprisingly rapid collapse of Abyssinia. From the reports on hand it may be concluded that, apart from the military and economic risks of the campaign, the industrial strength of the country [Italy] was strained to the limit. . . ."

Is not the implication clear enough? What if the Lion of Judah had not broken down quite so quickly? And how far can one rely on an ally in a major war if a simple colonial campaign brings her to the verge of disaster?

Quite otherwise is the attitude toward Japan. The Nipponese have not been called the "Prussians of Asia" for nothing. Germany's War Office respects Nippon's strength. It knows that the peasant soldier of Japan is one of the best in the world and that his leaders have an unbroken record of military victories. As an eastern threat to the Soviets and a constant thorn in the side of Britain's admiralty, the kingdom of the Mikado fits into the German strategic plan as if it had been planted there.

Berlin, however, can only regret Nippon's Chinese adventure. Nervously watching Tokyo's communication and supply lines lengthen throughout Asia, the War Ministry realizes that its hopes, for the present at least, have gone glimmering. The soldiers who were to keep the Bear and the Lion busy are shedding their blood on the thirsty soil of China. Painfully accumulated war reserves are being wasted. Berlin wants this profitless war brought to an end before Tokyo throws Britain and the United States into Moscow's arms, consolidating against itself an overwhelming land and naval coalition. The Marine Rundschau, organ of the German fleet, notes that "Japan must reckon with this possibility very carefully. . . . Despite her very strong strategic position, her resources are too meager to carry on indefinitely against such a front. A land war against Russia with the latter aided by one or more sea powers would . . . put a great strain upon the economic and financial position of Japan which is even today . . . anything but rosy."

"We must note the similarity of the present conflict," remarks the Deutsche Wehr, official organ of the General Staff late in 1937, "to Napoleon's Russian campaign of 1812. The Japanese may march into China at various points, they may gain a hold here and there or seize various areas. All around them will remain the vast territory of China and a dense population charged with undying enmity toward the Japanese." In its issue of January, 1938, it carries the argument further. "It is unquestionably true that Tokyo, at the beginning of hostilities, did not expect a long period of operations, but hoped to weaken the resistance of the Chinese people through ruthless campaigns by sea, land and air. This calculation was false and we can—despite the great victories of the Japanese armies in the north—look forward to a greatly extended period of war. . . ."

The army has looked at things as they really are. That is the full measure of the crime for which Chancellor Hitler launched so drastic a purge. The unpopular marriage of a War Minister was seized on as a shabby pretext. It may be said with full confidence that no responsible army officer was thinking of the seizure of power by the armed forces. There was no monarchist plot, no scheme to take over the reins of government. Hitler cannot stand the continued pressure of the militarists for a policy more in accord with the Reich's real position. Does not the newest textbook of the Hitler Youth proclaim that "the spirit of attack is the spirit of the Nordic race, coursing in the blood with an indescribable urge"? Is that urge to be denied because fossilized generals nurse their silly fears?

Purge or no purge, new commander-in-chief or old, those who bear the responsibility for national defense are troubled, for beneath the calm exterior of the "*Volksgemeinschaft*," the national union of which Hitler boasts, they sense division and confusion. They know that the food shortage has reached into the army itself and that the infantry is badly fed with insufficient and improper food. These things they told us in the past. Hitler has cracked the whip and it may be that the voices will be stilled. For what we have learned we may be grateful. It is not wise to expect much more.

LEONARD CARLTON

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Maxims and Anecdotes[1]

The General Scramble

WORDS FOR DOING: "Action" by all means. But in a complex world, there are many kinds of action. Action requires programs—programs require vocabulary. To act wisely, in concert, we must use many words.

A NEW POLICY IS BORN: Macbeth is the poetic adumbration of the "Faustian man," who would fulfill his destiny at all costs. He stands at the turning point between the feudal attitude towards ambition, as *punishable pride*, and the commercial attitude towards ambition, as the *essence of vocation*. Shakespeare heralds the new, while fearing it in terms of the old.

ON GREAT SITTERS: In so far as people outrage the necessities of the physical economic plant that is their bodies, they become soulful in grotesque ways. Many psychologists are making a dubious living by selling cures to people who think that cures can be bought, whereas these people might have earned a cure, or earned immunity from the state of affairs wherein they needed a cure, by adequate physical expression. The more we do by the pressing of buttons (or its equivalent, the hiring of help) the greater will be the quantity production of poetasters, since the neuroses of the psychologically unemployed, the oversedentary leisured, are bad poems.

THE PARTIALLY EMPLOYED: "Employment" and "unemployment" are not absolute opposites; they are aspects of a single graded series wherein one is always more-or-less employed and more-or-less unemployed. Those whose unemployment goes by the more favorable name of "leisure" usually "earn" their world by the rigors of neurosis, as do those whose work does not sufficiently engage their capacities. Often the gangster is "more fully employed" than the honest trifler.

NEW NEEDS: The passions are "ambitious." They are stimulated to the maximum by the "creative psychiatry" of capitalism. In an ideal society, a man would not go to a doctor when he *lacked* ambition—he would consult a doctor to help him *cure* ambition. In the paradoxes of capitalism, inordinate ambition has become the norm, and the man who loses it simply "drops out the bottom." And he loses it as soon as he ceases to want all sorts of idiotic baubles that keep millions frantically at work.

[1] These aphorisms are taken from Kenneth Burke's "Attitudes Toward History" (published in The New Republic Dollar Series, in two volumes). The author has added titles and made some changes in wording, so that each item might be clear without its context. The selections are offered for their interest in themselves; they are not intended as an outline of the book.—THE EDITORS.

SAVING BY SPENDING: In destroying the dignity of great legendary or historical characters, we automatically destroy ourselves. The heroic legend is saying, in effect, as Goethe said to Schopenhauer: "We can only get from life what we put into it," and if we are greedy we had better put in a great deal.

Man as Politician

ONE WORD FOR TWO THINGS: When an average compatriot expresses his allegiance to *capitalism*, he is not considering merely the things that make it *different* from other economic systems. The symbol also includes for him such notions as family, friendship, neighborliness, education, medicine, golf, tools, sunlight, future and endless other such sundries. When the orator shouts "Down with capitalism!" the auditor often resists because he is countering in secret, "I love the memory of the river bank where I lolled in the sun as a boy."

RACING IN REVERSE: We see capitalist countries actually *competing* in a race to make their currencies lower in the international market. The reduction to absurdity of this "solution" is obvious. Were the dollar made low enough to be bought for a bowl of snow water, we might get a boom by exporting whole fleetloads of goods to the Esquimaux.

PRAYING IN THE MARKET-PLACE: The essence of prayer is petition. Its simple reversal, we might say its grotesque caricature, is denunciation, invective, excommunication, ostracism, the pronouncing of anathema. Such prayer-upside-down has been used profusely by both clerical and secular antagonists. The law offers excellent opportunities for *secular* prayer. The jocular proposal that Congress pass a law against bad weather is regularly carried out with great seriousness. Such parliamentary and dictatorial praying is also generally backed by the most drastic material reality, since the prayer is implemented by the constabulary resources. We should take the increase of police functions as *per-se* evidence that our countrymen are praying their heads off and backing their prayers by a considerable outlay of money.

UNSOLICITED REMINDER TO THE LIBERTY LEAGUE: In "binding" the serf to the soil, feudalism also bound the soil to the serf, matching his "duties" with "rights" that were protected by custom. The liberal revolution "freed" him of his "duties" by alienating him from his "rights." Hence, for great numbers of the people, "freedom" functioned simply as *dispossession*.

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"PERFIDIOUS ALBION": The British Empire was built by the policy of "divide and rule." And it can stave off dismemberment only by the astute maintenance of this same policy. Hence its diplomats will employ all the training, prestige and morals at their command to further confusion and frustration throughout the world.

HANDY TRANSFORMATIONS: The whole terminology of capitalism is remarkable for its clear simplification of social processes. All the time that savants were concerning themselves with child psychology, abnormal psychology, primitive psychology and animal psychology, and out of them inventing one-man vocabularies of motivation to chart human complexities, we were ignoring the most ingenious and suggestive vocabulary of all, the *capitalist* vocabulary of behavior. . . . It gave the human, social equivalents for concepts previously handled in superhuman terms. Thus, "providence" became "investment for profit"; the processes of "justification" took the simple form "advertising," "salesmanship" and "success"; the close relationship between morality and utility came to a head in the "gospel of service"; the devices of perfidy were exposed in the legal manipulations of contract; the synthesizing tendencies of man were manifest, as they could never be by experiments with decerebrated frogs, in the growth of holding companies; corporate identity itself was shorn of its unwieldy mysticism when the member of the church, as the "body of Christ," became simply the holder of non-voting stock.

PROSPERITY AS THE FIRST STAGE OF DEPRESSION: If someone induces the Hottentots to buy cars and, since "at present" they have no money, can float a loan among us to help the Hottentots buy the cars, then our factories start going, and with our wages we can all buy cars—and prosperity is with us, until it becomes apparent that the damned Hottentots can't pay the interest on the loan.

ANOTHER LOOK AT AN OLD SQUABBLE: A choice between two policies is not a choice between one that is a "lesser-evil" policy and another that is not. It is a choice between two lesser-evil policies, with one of them having more of a lesser evil than the other.

DISCOMFITURES OF REJECTION: If the King is well thought of in many quarters, the man who would exhort us to *depose* the King is almost necessarily shunted into a negativistic emphasis. Such rigors may explain the fact that the "Communist Manifesto" begins with a terroristic metaphor. The authors were presumably led by the power of the orthodox authority to depict their project for redemption, in negativistic terms, as *a spectre that haunts;* and in parting they address themselves to the *anger of slaves.*

HORSE-POWER WITHOUT HARNESS: Samson was not the only strong man who pulled down a temple upon himself. Technology, as driven by the necessities of capitalism, can be a vast transmogrification of Samson, amplifying the scope of his act by all the bureaucratic resources of our institutions, the total organization of our productive technique. There is the dubious kind of "profit" that exports two-dollar wheat and gets in exchange a Dust Bowl.

AUTOMATIC VIRTUE: By Adam Smith's optimistic version of fatality (proclaimed in his "Wealth of Nations") the general scramble of self-interests canceled off as collective welfare. His scheme was, in one respect, merely a secularized version of medieval thought. Whereas the many independent feudal localities were held together by the catholicizing symbolism of the church, we now had independent local enterprises held together by the laws of the market. Immutable laws of exchange, by this new-found scheme of beneficence, replaced the immutable laws of God; or, otherwise stated, market law replaced "natural law." We got a mechanical Providence.

THE TWO OPPOSED IDEOLOGIES: Communism is the completion of the "one-big-union" principle; the Fascist state is almost the ideal "one big company union" (with its apologists "spiritualizing" the concepts of reward as thoroughly as possible, so that the maximum amount of payment to the workers can be made in the inflated currency of "honor").

CAPITALISM AS INVERTED MIDAS—ALL IT TOUCHES TURNS TO DROSS: Consider the problems of the "reformist" under capitalism. Suppose that he decides to plead for the elimination of the "spoils system" in politics. He demands the extension of the civil service to include the maximum number of government officeholders. That seems reasonable enough; but the incongruities of capitalism make it unreasonable. For if a party employs the spoils system, it gets maximum assistance for its political campaign from people of low economic status. Hence, it is closer to the needs of the populace. Deprive it of this assistance, by putting all such officeholders in the civil service, and the party must get its support exclusively from men of great wealth. Thus, it is no mere accident that our most democratic President, Andrew Jackson, was also our greatest exemplar of the spoils system. And in so far as earnest reformers succeeded in extending the civil service, the triumph of plutocracy was assumed. Given capitalism as it is, the Democratic Party will be "healthy" only in so far as Farley's policies prevail. And nothing less than a *complete eradication of civil service* would be sufficient to free the party from the need of appealing to the big financial interests for support.

KENNETH BURKE

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Shoot the Works

Columns Will Out

THEY are trying to streamline William Green. The engineer in charge of the project is Phil Pearl, a former Washington newspaperman, who has taken over the job of public-relations man for the veteran president of the A. F. of L. Mr. Pearl's diagnosis of the complaint seems to be that Mr. Green has been too austere and standoffish for the good of the organization. Accordingly, the work of reconditioning has begun. One can hear the sound of rivets being driven home. They are changing William Green from stem to stern.

Naturally he has a new speech. The old one was a rapt autobiographical portrait of William Green which began in effect, "I was born of poor but God-fearing parents," and went on in the same manner for the full two hours. Now the Green statements contain wisecracks and even literary allusions. In the duel with John L. Lewis, William Green is preparing to fight Shakespeare with Shakespeare and Virgil with Virgil.

But Phil Pearl is attempting to do something more ambitious than giving Green a background in belles lettres. He is trying to change his personal habits for the worse. Mr. Green was a Baptist lay preacher before he was a labor leader and he has always kept on the weather side of the fleshpots. Now he takes one cocktail every day.

Phil Pearl told him it would be extremely helpful if he would show up in some public place each evening, preferably in the presence of newspapermen, and casually call for a drink. In a self-sacrificing spirit, Green consented.

His mentor got a menu and showed him a list of the names of all the conventional mixed drinks. Choosing at random, Mr. Green decided that an old-fashioned would be the bitter pill which he would choose for his own. Pearl vetoed that. He thought the name itself might be bad propaganda for the American Federation of Labor.

And so they compromised on a Martini as the daily drink. I have never seen the rite performed, but they tell me it is both thrilling and tragic. Phil Pearl gives the signal when the zero hour has come and William Green, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, or the nearest he can muster, says, "Waiter, you might bring me a Martini."

The publicity man is disappointed because as yet he has been unable to prevent his chief from closing both eyes as he takes up the fearful tonic and making a fearful face as the dreadful draught goes down.

But the counselor is still filled with high hopes and aspirations because he succeded here in Miami in breaking down an age-old precedent in the life of William Green. He induced him not only to go to the horse races at Hialeah Park but to place a couple of bets. Mr. Pearl was quite a picker in the days before he was saved. Mr. Pearl, indeed, was the finest handicapper among all the Washington correspondents. Naturally he got Green out to the horse park on the plea it would be a humanizing gesture. But I suspect that the reformed newspaperman was, on his own account, mixing love and duty.

Installed in a box at Hialeah, Green refused to act on the first-class tips of his guide. He insisted on playing hunches. His first choice was a colt called "Dignitary," which was a logical selection for the leader of labor's most exclusive club. "Dignitary" did not win.

Next, Green bet on "Mine Boy," which ran fifth. Mr. Green used to be a worker once himself. It is even possible that he got that bet down just in time, for the United Mine Workers would have ousted Green but for his resignation. That may be embarrassing, for the only card Green holds now is his solid-gold badge in the musicians' union.

William Green is not a musician, although Phil Pearl is making frantic efforts to teach him to render "Bei Mir Bist du Schön" upon the trombone. Phil has done a good job, but just the same he runs the risk of getting Green fired not only out of the labor movement but out of the Baptist church as well. Indeed Mr. Pearl may be personally in peril. Somebody might hale him into court on the charge of impairing the morals of a miner (retired).

At this point I would like to explain that the foregoing essay was sufficient to get me barred from the local press conference of William Green. I had written it as a column for a New York newspaper and points west, but one of the head men tossed it out. However, a carbon copy had been shipped to a local paper and so the piece was called to the attention of Mr. Pearl. He responded with great indignation and added that if I attempted to crash the press conference I would be barred because he said that I was not a newspaperman. I do not know whether the issue is "the freedom of the press" or the debatable problem "Are columnists people?"

At any rate I went to the press conference equipped with a press card, a Newspaper Guild card and a telegram addressed to myself so that I could establish my identity. I also took along a stooge. Mr. Quentin Reynolds, Jeremiah Mahoney's nephew, is an acquaintance of mine. Indeed at dawn on the day of the conference we were at the Hialeah race track, where Mr. Reynolds had a date to interview "War Admiral," his jockey and his trainer. And so I said, "Quent, this has been most interesting and I want to make some return in kind. You have been kind enough to show me 'War Admiral,' which, at the moment, seems to be America's finest horse. Now if you will come with me to the A. F. of L. press conference I would like to show you William Green."

But first of all we had to fool the watchful public-relations man—Mr. Philip Pearl, a press agent of great price. And so though we rode from Coral Gables in the same taxi we behaved as strangers when we got to the Everglades Hotel and started up the stairway toward the shrine. Mr. Pearl barred me as he had promised. And on the grounds that I was not a newspaperman. I've only been in the business thirty years. Quentin Reynolds did his act just as we had rehearsed it. He introduced himself as a writer from Collier's Weekly and said that he would like to get in to see the chief in action. But twice he stressed the point. "Of course, I'm not a newspaperman." Pearl welcomed him for all that, and said, "You must come in. I think I can arrange to have you shake hands with President Green."

But by this time I was out in the bar, or rather the

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"cocktail lounge," ruminating. I found it difficult to whip up any considerable amount of indignation. A private citizen has an undoubted legal right to see all reporters, some or none. And as the afternoon wore on my irritation grew less and less. Since I was not permitted to go into the press conference and get Mr. Green in person, I decided that there was no point in hanging around for an hour or so waiting for the pithy statement. I went back to the race track. And by a fortunate coincidence I got there just in time to buy a ticket on the daily double. It won and paid ninety-seven dollars. William Green is a good old soul.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

Why Nazis Would Like America

AS THESE NOTES ARE WRITTEN, the Department of Labor is momentarily expected to issue an order for the deportation of Mr. Harry Bridges, head of the Pacific Coast longshoremen and Mr. John L. Lewis' vice-commander in the CIO. The order will be based on a provision of the immigration laws making it obligatory for the Department to deport any alien who belongs to a group advocating the overthrow of the government by violence. Under it, an alien can be as peaceful and law-abiding as you like. It is only necessary to prove that he has some time in the past had "dangerous thoughts," and he can be put aboard the first outward-bound ship. Even if America were a wholly Fascist state, it would still be a cruel, needless law.

It is now to be invoked in what is an essentially political struggle. If Mr. Bridges can be deported, Mr. Dave Beck of the Teamsters and his employer allies will become, or think they will become, the political bosses of the Pacific Coast. Otherwise, they may very well take a beating in next fall's elections, especially in southern California and Washington. It is hardly the sort of contest to be decided by a witch-hunting technicality in the immigration laws.

Secretary Perkins is apparently yielding to pressure exerted by Mr. Beck and his business friends, by Mr. Joe Ryan and New York Tammany politicians, by Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy and the United States Maritime Commission, and by the shipowners of the Pacific and Atlantic Coasts—all exerted through the instrumentality of Senator Copeland. It should be recorded, however, that Miss Perkins has put up what has appeared to be stiff resistance. It is widely reported that she is now yielding primarily because of a series of affidavits recently filed with the Seattle office of the Immigration Bureau by ex-members of the Communist Party, purporting to show that Mr. Bridges, under the name of Harry Dorgan, had been one of their fellow party members. The identity of these accusers has not been revealed, but it is understood they are former Stalinites who have turned Trotskyist.

Many complaints against Mr. Bridges from A. F. of L. leaders and business men have been filed at Seattle, and duly forwarded to Washington. According to report, the Department has stoutly held to the position that such complaints were obviously inspired by animus, and unworthy of action. But the affidavits of the ex-Communists name names and give dates and cannot easily be ignored.

Grave as the Bridges case is, it has one ironic aspect. There is nothing in the law about the Communist Party, as such. The law speaks only of a party advocating the overthrow of the government. Since Mr. Browder campaigned for Mr. Roosevelt in 1936, and since the Communist Party is now publicly advocating Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy, it would seem as if Mr. Bridges might be able to put up an excellent defense against whatever accusations are brought against him.

One of the most significant developments of the last month has been the quiet increase of strength among the congressional opponents of the undistributed-profits tax. Passed in 1936, this tax was a major act of policy by the administration. Last fall, when the first signs of the newest depression became evident, business organizations like the National Association of Manufacturers thought they saw a chance to frighten the administration into repealing this tax. Mr. Kennedy and Colonel James Roosevelt, the President's son and secretary, were reported to have been won over to repeal. Late in November, the New Dealers in the presidential circle are supposed to have asked for a showdown. They demanded that the administration fight for the tax. They argued that it was in itself necessary and important. More than that, however, it was a symbol. These arguments are reported to have convinced Mr. Roosevelt.

Many observers, including this department, believed the matter was settled. But in the discussions that have taken place in the House Ways and Means Committee during the last two months, Assistant Secretary Magill has apparently made great concessions. As this is written, the bill is still in committee, but it is understood that the draft made by the pro-administration Senator Vinson will exempt all small corporations, and the great majority of large ones. The undistributed-profits principle is kept only in the case of the relatively few corporations whose stock is closely held. Senator Vinson's draft would catch the Ford Motor Company, but permit the U. S. Steel Corporation—whose pricing policies have been the especial object of attack by New Deal economists—to go unscathed.

Although, in this department's opinion, the Vinson draft represents a wide retreat by the administration, it is by no means sure that even this can be enacted. Opposition to it in Congress is steadily growing. The concessions already made by the administration are having precisely the effect predicted by the left-wingers. It is predicted that the Vinson draft will be modified, probably in the Senate, to grant exemptions for corporations using accumulated surpluses for the payment of debt or the extension of plant. The tax can be saved now only by a swift New Deal counter-attack.

Early last week thirty-three Congressmen, representing the Liberal bloc in the House, marched in procession into the White House. It was the first formal meeting this session between the President and the Congressmen who genuinely support his program of reform. Had there been more such meetings in earlier sessions, the history of the New Deal might have been very different. The specific purpose of the liberals' visit was to ask—or if you like, demand—that Mr. Roosevelt enter actively into the fight

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to jimmy the wages-and-hours bill out of the House Labor Committee. Immediately after their visit, Mr. Roosevelt sent for Mrs. Norton, the Labor Committee's chairman, and presumably gave her a pep talk. However, it is still undecided when the Labor Committee will take action. The plain truth is that Congress, as a whole, is resolved to adjourn early this spring, and if the Labor Committee does not report the wages-and-hours bill with reasonable promptness, the House Rules Committee will have an opportunity to filibuster as it did last summer, and prevent the bill from coming to a vote.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Oklahoma Makes a Start

Oklahoma City

HERE IS a strange kaleidoscope of conflicting drifts and policies in this still almost new commonwealth of Oklahoma. First, as I was going in to see Governor E. W. Marland, a secretary was coming out of the office with the Governor's signature on what I believe is the first real minimum-wage and maximum-hour schedule for both men and women workers. After all, this is a Southern state—three-fourths of its territory is below the Mason and Dixon line. It is Democratic. And while the Southern Senators are conducting a fight on the belated minimum-wage bill of the administration, this state enacts one and starts to put it into effect. The bill was passed some time ago and a commission named to administer it and fix the schedules.

The rates of pay in different industries fixed by the commission are interesting. They apply to three classes of cities based on population. Class A cities are Oklahoma City and Tulsa. Class B cities have populations from 10,000 to 40,000. Class C cities have populations under 10,000.

Here is a schedule of rates of pay fixed for men and women in the three classifications. In each class the first column relates to men and the second to women:

Industry	*Class A*		*Class B*		*Class C*	
Laundry ...	$16.20	$14.40	$13.50	$12	$10.80	$7.60
Cleaning and dyeing ..	19.44	14.40	16.20	13.20	13.50	12
Retail mercantile	18	15	16	12	13	11
Restaurant..	20	15	20	15	18	13
Hotel	19	10	17	9	15	8
Office building ...	15	15	14	12.50	13	12
Wholesale & distributing	18	18	18	18	18	18
Motor vehicle retailing, storage, filling stations, etc. ..	18	18	16	16	14	14

This is certainly a beginning. If some complain that women are scaled too low in some cases, as for instance in hotel work, where men are protected at $15 and women at only $8, nevertheless in several very populous brackets such as office-building work in Tulsa and Oklahoma City and in all wholesale and distributing firms and in all forms of motor-vehicle business, women are protected at the same scale as men, and in towns with populations of 10,000 to 40,000, at rates in excess of the federal bill.

The hour provisions will probably seem not too liberal to workers, but here again it is a beginning, and hour-and-wage scales alike generally exceed the prevailing scale in these communities. The maximum hours are forty-eight for women save in one case—retailing—where they are fifty-one. For men maximum hours are generally in excess of fifty, in some cases as high as fifty-four and even fifty-eight.

On the other side of the ledger is the following—a strange memory of the old hectic days of the NRA and the Blue Eagle. Fifteen barbers were facing arrest as I left Oklahoma City for cutting hair at too low a price and shaving below the standard. Oklahoma passed a law last year under which 75 percent of the Oklahoma City barbers established a price scale—35 cents for a trim and 20 cents for a shave. About fifteen insurgents—mostly in special neighborhoods—reduced the price of hair cuts to 25 cents and shaves to 15 cents—the good old pre-war scale for good shops. But if the Oklahoma law is constitutional, it will be a crime to cut hair for 25 cents, just as it was a crime during the NRA for a New Jersey tailor to press a coat and pants for 35 cents.

They are tuning up for a Democratic primary election in Oklahoma in July—the primary being for all practical purposes the real election. And the contenders, including old "Alfalfa Bill" Murray and Jack Walton, whose last term was ended by an impeachment, find themselves pursued by the tax problem. And here the first effects of the depression are observed.

It is almost incredible that this small state should have made provision for expenditures this year and next of about $80,000,000 a year. But now two phenomena are appearing. The demand for further expenditures—chiefly for relief and for the aged—is increasing, while the anticipated revenue is decreasing. The state faces a deficit this year of perhaps five or six millions, and more next year. Hence, as the clamor for more outlays grows, the candidates who must face the people this year are scratching around for some new sources of revenue. Already the state has a sales tax with that greatest of all pests—the little mill coins. But it must get more money, particularly with a prospect of declining sales-tax revenues. Hence candidates are flirting with the idea of a severance tax—on oil chiefly—while at least one is talking about the old Townsend plan of a transaction tax.

Meantime the Governor, Mr. Marland, an oil man and once head of a hundred-million-dollar company, finds himself puzzled by some imperious facts. "This state," he told me, "produces 5,000,000 quarts of milk a day, enough wheat to make 10,000,000 loaves of bread and its hens lay 10,000,000 eggs a day. Yet there are 100,000 children in the state who do not get enough milk and twice that many people who live near the edge of want. Can you tell me what is wrong with a system like that?"

JOHN T. FLYNN

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Place and Time

Our Town, by Thornton Wilder. Henry Miller's Theatre, February 4, 1938.
On Borrowed Time, by Paul Osborn, from the novel by Lawrence Edward Watkin. Longacre Theatre, February 3, 1938.

IT SO HAPPENS that two of the plays just current have for their basic motifs very much the same theme on death. In both "Our Town" and "On Borrowed Time" it is said from the other side of death that the dead have no wish to return, that the memory of their old life fades slowly from them into the quietness of a new peace, and whoever is left among the living to sorrow after them and mourn their absence is only to be pitied; he does not understand; it is pitiful that he should want to call the dead back into life.

In Mr. Wilder's play the dead themselves, in the last act, make the revelation. Sitting in their graves they see the young mother, dead in childbirth, come to join them, see her relive a happy interval in her life, only to subside into the knowledge waiting there in death for her. What we have is quite as unreal, or supernatural, as the device used in the other play, but it is more sudden, a more concentrated stage image—it is, in fact, a stage image that is unforgettable. This scene was touched with the pathos of all familiar recollection, with the elegiac anecdote of Mr. Masters' "Spoon River," and now and then with the irony of Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead."

The device in "On Borrowed Time" verges more on whimsy, and is accessible enough. The stranger appearing to lead some character out of the world is long since familiar, everyone knows he is Death.

The production that Mr. Wilder requires for his play, and that Mr. Jed Harris affords, involves a stage without scenery, with a few properties only, mostly chairs. There is a Stage Manager, so-called—Mr. Frank Craven—who appears from time to time, walks up and down, chronicling, describing, introducing, commenting, before he makes another exit. Actions such as the housewives getting breakfast, the young lovers at the soda fountain, and so on, are left to be done in pantomime. I must say here that of all the pantomiming I ever saw this was the worst. In the whole of that arm jerking, hand flitting, breaking eggs on typewriters, and stirring in small circles, there was not a glimmer of what was required. The approach in production is neither new nor old, neither any better nor any worse than other methods, but it serves. It should be said to Mr. Harris' credit that except for a few places, he manages to omit the coy, that "Yellow Jacket" effect of knowing archness and naïveté that has become so threadbare.

The author of "Our Town" has not been so concerned with a plot. It should be called the story of a township in New Hampshire, a view of its people for one year or another in the course of time. We might get farther in its definition by thinking of it as a kind of factual reverie. With regard to the factual, you need not look here for the bite, the unpredictable, deep glimpse, the divine insight and the wayward taste, to be found in Sherwood Anderson's early work like "Winesburg, Ohio." With regard to the reverie, one way to put that would be to say that I find myself thinking of "Our Town" as an eclogue seen partially, if lengthily, in an Alexandrian mood. The prevailing tone of it is essentially literary. The pleasures of repetition, in case we went again to see this production, would be literary, almost entirely so.

In the course of things we discover here from time to time a hint of the vignette—of complete numbers, as it were. Of these at least one, that of the young lovers at the soda fountain, is stretched into shadings that become obvious and out of scale with the rest of the piece. The vignette, however, if you want to call it so, of the young people a moment before their marriage, the boy with his mother, the girl with her father, is perfect in its length, and is beautiful and poignant. My impression was that "Our Town" had something it wanted to do and did it, something it wanted to say and said it. All the assumption of homely effect is not so much a thing itself, the actual life and town, as something we see arise from dreams of it.

"On Borrowed Time" may easily require shorter annals. The play adopts quite simply the old device of Death, the visitor calling once and afterward. And as a surrounding for this fantasy motif, it accepts simply the simple realism. The story begins with the grandfather and Pud, the little boy. Mr. Brink (Death) calls, but the old man will not go yet. Then his parents' death in a motor accident leaves Pud an orphan; his money persuades Aunt Demetria that she should be his guardian; the grandmother dies; the old man, by a magic wish, fixes Death in an apple tree until he is released; the world threatens to be upset; and finally for Pud's sake—whom a fall has now wrecked for life—the old man consents to Death's office, which, again for Pud's sake, he had hitherto steadily resisted.

I should begin by saying that Mr. Dudley Digges (provided, that is, ten or twelve minutes be cut out of the play—mostly from those scenes about the tree where Death is imprisoned, and the doctor and lawyer set the old man down as crazy) has here something—like "The Music Master" for Warfield—that might last him for years, if, of course, he wants it. I should add then that Mr. Dwight Wiman's whole production never collapses from the plane of taste and a clear theatre sense—he is in this far more truly professional than many producers who make more noise about it. Mr. Jo Mielziner's scene for the apple tree, with the side of the barn, the silo, and so on, is one of the best he has done, a further and successful exploitation of one of the problems in stage décor: outdoor scenes.

The rest is silence, for Mr. Digges' performance is so exact and temperate, so sweet, unbroken, witty, inventive and wise, so grounded in our life, that what remains to be said must be merely technical; and in the case of Mr. Digges, the upshot of that is all praise. He had alongside him, like an echo and a flower, the most remarkable child performance (technically complex it was also), that I have ever seen. Master Lawrence Robinson, said also to be good, is an alternate here, but the boy I saw, Master Peter Holden, aged seven, carried off Pud's role without a trace of anything false or arch, or soft or silly. Meantime anyone who knows the theatre at all knows that a performance like that of this child can never happen unless the object of its loving and the companion of its responses—in this case Dudley Digges—gave and asked and believed in wonderful things.

STARK YOUNG

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The Bandwagon

Progress reached its highest point in the Middle Ages and the medical knowledge of that time was equaled only by that of today. . . . And although only two percent of the people knew how to read, one notes that the right people were widely informed and schooled. – *Maisie Ward, leader in the British Catholic Evidence Guild, quoted in The Akron Times-Press.*

There is your Ford of today, too busy working on the things of tomorrow to worry about the other fellow. – *From an article by Paul Gallico in The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Winning Any Friends These Days?

I love colorful clothes. I regret that custom demands that I wear suits of somber hues; but when I crawl into bed at night I wear pajamas of flaming red or canary yellow. – *Dale Carnegie, writing in The New York Daily Mirror.*

Paul Revere Reaches Back Bay

Mrs. Walter Powers was a bit depressed by the painting by William C. Palmer, entitled "Dust, Drought and Destuction," and Mrs. William Dana Orcutt, who had pinned a fragrant gardenia on her mink coat, also felt a bit downcast as she stood before Reginald Marsh's painting of the interior of a dreary elevated train late at night with a few shabby speciments of humanity drowsing on the long seat. – *From a news item in The Boston Herald.*

Yeah, Just Like Europe

He said that the future religious attitude of Japan, China and India was perhaps the most important problem confronting the Christian churches. Declaring that the development of intelligent thinking and the creation of strong moral character depended on religion, he contended that Christianization of the Far East would help to build a more stable and a more peaceful world. – *The Rt. Rev. Henry St. George Tucker, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, quoted in The New York Times.*

Not in the Cables

The Communistic force is making its attack upon China and Satan is using Japan to destroy China because it is disarmed. . . . The onslaught on China is motivated by pacifism and Communism. – *Dr. Mark Matthews, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Seattle, quoted in The Los Angeles Times.*

Quite a Card

Emlen Etting, young Philadelphia painter, was telling some friends at the Elysee Bar that he's never bored as long as he can ignore old customs. . . . Instead of having his tie in the usual knot, he was wearing the regular kind in ascot fashion. – *News item in The New York Post.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

General Motors Plays Hush

SIR: New light is thrown on your editorial paragraph of January 19, dealing with salary rolls of 1936 as made public by the House Ways and Means Committee, showing that among sixteen salaries of more than $300,000, nine went to officials of General Motors, when we examine the twenty-eighth annual report of that corporation, for the year ended December 31, 1936. On page 32 of that report is a tabulation:

Salary Group	Number of Individuals
$100,000 and over (none over $150,000)	2
80,000 to 99,999	1
70,000 to 79,999	8
60,000 to 69,999	1
50,000 to 59,999	8

and so on down to the five-to-ten-thousand group, which was 1,163. The report speaks also of "supplementary compensation under the Bonus Plan," but it is clear that as to this corporation at least your paragrapher was right when he wrote: "The figures, of course, are only a rough indication in many cases of the income any given individual has received during the year."

The question which arises in my mind, however, is whether any of 340,000 stockholders outside the inner management clique that year could possibly have been deceived by the annual report. Could they have supposed that no official received more than $150,000? Could they have suspected that Alfred P. Sloan got $561,311 from General Motors that year? If they had known, they might have formed a committee to urge on the directorate that some of these high salaries go into dividends.

Old Greenwich, Conn. SILAS BENT

Labor Writing for Laymen

SIR: David Ramsey's review of "The CIO: Industrial Unionism in Action," by J. Raymond Walsh (The New Republic, January 5) seems to me quite unfortunate. Writing from the special point of view of an executive in the labor movement, he fails to give any real consideration to the possibility that laymen might profit from the book, even though the labor movement itself may learn nothing from it. In effect, Mr. Ramsey commits the elementary critical error of panning a book solely because it doesn't do the job he wants done.

I helped Dr. Walsh in some phases of the preparation of his book, and I know that he was and is as anxious as David Ramsey that labor leaders and members be presented with the type of book Ramsey pleads for—"the labor movement needs . . . a deeper understanding of its role, its problems and its future." But the fact remains that Walsh's book was written primarily for middle-class people who have no preparation for or interest

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in problems of labor theory, and whose present knowledge and attitudes toward the labor movement are built upon newspaper and periodical accounts which have been superficial at best, and often deliberately false. . . .

Even on his own premises, it seems to me that Mr. Ramsey is guilty of an astonishing blunder, in finding that Dr. Walsh's "chapters on economics, politics and tactics have little relation to the realities which the CIO will face when it maps out its approach to the demand that every worker be guaranteed the right to work." To take the most obvious example: the chapter on economics. Here Walsh discusses the wage policies of labor unions, notably that of wage maintenance in depression. No orthodox economist has any sympathy for this policy, believing it to be anti-social, that it tends to deepen and prolong unemployment and the wastage of the nation's resources. . . .

Such economists cannot be lightly dismissed, for they have the ear of large and influential sections of the public—the public to whom Dr. Walsh addressed his book. In the face of continued and repeated depression in the future, the labor movement *must* argue its case before this public with all possible effectiveness. . . . Fortunately, now as never before, unionism can both understand and defend its central wage policies. . . . Dr. Walsh offers such understanding and defense. He argues that labor's wage program, far from having deleterious effects, will actually benefit the whole economy. Tightly reasoned, and supported by Keynes and others, this theoretical structure cannot be dismissed or easily refuted by the pundits of economic science. It comes to the assistance of unionism at a critical time. . . .

New York City MILTON WRIGHT

"Time of Our Lives"

SIR: I am willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with Dr. Ludwig (The New Republic, January 5) in establishing a precedent of protest.

Among "Hundred Notable Books" of this year (The New Republic, December 8) I do not find "Time of Our Lives" (by Orrick Johns). As I am since a longer time an ardent admirer of your excellent paper, I would be very interested to hear why you excluded this book from these hundred which had "the most interest for our own time"—of our lives.

New York City ORRICK JOHNS

To Film "The Flivver King"

SIR: Is there anybody among your readers who has $100,000 and would like to turn it into $1,000,000 before the end of the year, and incidentally render an enormous service to the American labor movement? For the last-named reason I hope it will be ethical for you to let me tell your readers about it.

The project is to make a motion picture out of "The Flivver King." The United Automobile Workers of America, who took 200,000 copies of this book and have sold most of them, have been considering this project for some time, but their members are being laid off and they have a heavy fight with Ford on their hands and do not feel that they can take any more responsibilities. The work will have to be done by private capital, but the union is pledged to put its forces behind the film if made.

I am assured by qualified motion-picture people that the film can be made for $100,000, and would look as if it cost five times as much. . . . A film portraying Henry Ford under his own name would create an enormous sensation everywhere throughout the world. If each of the 400,000 members of the United Automobile Workers of America would take one friend at 25 cents per ticket, that would pay all the expenses of making and showing the film, plus a handsome profit. . . .

I would offer myself at bargain prices for this work, but I would require that a portion of the profits should go to a fund to be administered by trustees to make more pictures for the labor movement. It is a crying shame that this most powerful of all weapons should be entirely in the hands of labor's enemies. Here is a golden opportunity to break a new path. . . .

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR

The China Clipper

SIR: My sister writes from Peiping that the censor lets The New Republic through but that he stopped a copy of The Red Book Magazine as presumably communistic!

EDWIN G. BORING

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

A Hand for Mr. Huberman

SIR: It is not often that one reads an article which one feels ought to be posted on every billboard of the country. Your article, "The Attack on the NLRB," by Leo Huberman, in the issue of January 19 is such an article. May I express my appreciation and thanks for such an excellent piece of writing and thinking.

New York City FRANCIS B. SAYRE JR.

Worsism

SIR: In your issue of January 5 Malcolm Cowley touches briefly on an extremely interesting phase of present-day thought, to which he gives the very apt name of Worsism.

Mr. Cowley defines Worsism neatly, but both his examples are poorly chosen, I think. The question of sin and saintliness is purely within a man's own character and has nothing to do with world events. The sabotage in Russia concerns a system which is not sliding downward, but is struggling upward.

Suppose, here in America, a man is firmly convinced that communism is the ideal form of government, and that it is inevitable. Suppose, further, that he has studied the temper of the American people and honestly believes that they prefer fascism to communism, and as our present form of democracy becomes unworkable, they will accept fascism, and from that will turn to communism. Is there anything ethically wrong in such a man being a Worsist?

I realize that when a man attempts to upset the *status quo* it has a perfect right to strike back and crush the disturber. But, if he chooses to run the risk, is he ethically wrong? And, aside from the field of action, if he firmly believes that democracy (in its capitalist form) is doomed, and that the nation must pass through disaster before it is ready for communism, is he injuring his own character by watching the approach to disaster with complacence?

Mr. Cowley impresses me as believing that no one can ethically feel this way. I really do not think he gave the matter much thought, and would greatly enjoy a more fully developed article on the subject.

Avalon, Pa. E. REEVES COCHRAN.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Clarence Armstrong of Warners, New York, writes a lengthy criticism of our Depression Supplement (February 2) and particularly the article, "What Can the Government Do?" by J. Frederic Dewhurst. Mr. Armstrong disagrees with Mr. Dewhurst's recommendations for tax changes and his decision that wages should be reduced in certain cases. He denies that price reductions in fabricated capital and consumer goods must be

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accompanied by reductions in labor costs or that railroad rates should be increased. Mr. Armstrong believes that if Mr. Dewhurst's suggestions were adopted the depression would continue until our economy collapsed. . . . Edwin A. Parker of Rockland, Massachusetts, also writes about the Depression Supplement and suggests that too little emphasis was placed upon the need for greater purchasing power.

Leo Huberman writes to say that the figures on election results which appeared in his article on the National Labor Relations Board were first compiled by the Bureau of National Affairs and published in its labor-relations report of November 1, 1937. . . . Kenneth Mueller of Lincoln, Nebraska, replies to the letter by Stephen Rich in the January 19 issue, in which Mr. Rich states that there is a large market for a good, cheap, four-cylinder automobile which is at present untapped by the automobile manufacturers. It's not so, says Mr. Mueller, because if it were the "overlords of industry would have discovered it long ago . . . people want cars that are roomy, comfortable, good-looking, speedy. . . . They know these things cost more to buy and operate, and they don't care." . . . R. C. O'Brien of New York City deplores the scarcity of satire in the political writing of today. . . . M. H. Walker of East Orange, New Jersey, writes that although the numbers of Communists in the labor movement may be small, they have a dangerous influence over the opinions of union members in regard to the United States' participation in war.

Readers in the New York City area may be interested in the plans for an Anti-War Mass Meeting, March 6, at 2:30 P.M., in the Hippodrome, at which Homer Martin, Dr. Charles A. Beard, Senator La Follette, Aldous Huxley, David Dubinsky, Norman Thomas, Ernest L. Meyer and John T. Flynn will be among the speakers. . . . Robert L. Paddock, chairman of the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, sends an urgent appeal for funds for the work of helping the refugees who must be evacuated from cities under bombardment.

What's on the Air?

Senator Joseph O'Mahoney of Wyoming speaks on "The Federal Incorporation Bill," Saturday, February 19, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Robert H. Jackson, Assistant Attorney General, and Senator Robert M. La Follette discuss monopolies and the relation of the judiciary to the public, Sunday, February 20, 7 P.M., Mutual.

Carl Ackerman of the Columbia University School of Journalism talks on "The Press," Wednesday, February 23, 11 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

James Cromwell and Senator Joseph O'Mahoney debate the problems of interstate commerce on the Town Meeting of the Air program, Thursday, February 24, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Professor Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard speak on "American Civilization and War," Friday, February 25, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the Metropolitan Opera Company's broadcast of Wagner's "Lohengrin," Saturday, February 19, 1:40 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; "The Well of the Saints," by John Wellington Synge, dramatized by the Columbia Workshop, Saturday, February 19, 8 P.M., CBS; the NBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini, Saturday, February 19, 10 P.M., NBC-Red and Blue Networks; Joseph Schuster, soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Sunday, February 20, 3 P.M., CBS; and the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy, Monday, February 21, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

"*under my own vine* AND FIG TREE . . ."

—leisure to invite my soul—freedom at last—a lake to fish in, of pure spring water—boating—safe sandy beaches for bathing—my own garden of flowers and vegetables—a place for my hobbies, whatever they be—a comfortable well-built house, not too large, not to small, at a cost that permits me to turn the key in the door whenever I choose and go off to the mountains or ocean if I want—this is our model community in Florida, scientifically designed for the right sort of people with moderate but assured incomes.

The purpose of this community is to provide better living conditions with lower budgets of cost. Houses with from one to five acres, worth $2500-$4000 commercially, are being sold at actual cost ($1300-$2400) on small monthly payments, but only to superior individuals, couples, or families able to retire and welcoming greater economic security, better health, ideal all-year round temperature, improved rural-urban living conditions, and having small but assured incomes not adequate to maintain former city-life budgets. Outside hurricane zone. Acceptable applicants are invited to rent during mutually sufficient trial period, with houses furnished, rentals low and credited against price when purchasing. No business opportunities, because stores, schools, hospitals, amusements and other necessary services are cooperative organizations under expert management provided by million-dollar non-profit holding and operating corporation organized for purpose of establishing this and similar model communities without private profit.

Which of these proposals is YOURS?:—*(1) I have retired and want to try living in your community and learn whether it is all you claim. (2) I look forward to retiring soon and will want to know all about your community. (3)I will not retire for a long time, but want to learn how to win a real home in the future by small savings now. (4) I have friends or relatives for whose living problems you may have the right answer. In any of these cases, write the New Republic, Box 53 for detailed information.*

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Books in Review

The Hidden Lincoln

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO Carlyle complained: "How delicate, decent is English biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles sword of respectability hangs forever over the poor English Life-writer and reduces him to the verge of paralysis." Carlyle's strictures on British biography are more than justified if applied to American biography in respect to its greatest subject, Abraham Lincoln. The materials for a true life existed, owing chiefly to the diligence and devotion of William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, and they were used by all of Lincoln's many biographers, but with suppressions, mutilations and contradictions. The present collection of letters[1] gives a connected story of Herndon's struggles to bring the Lincoln whom he knew from long personal contact and unsparing research, before the people whose national hero he had become.

The chief obstacle was Robert Todd Lincoln, who had graduated into the upper class of Chicago aristocracy, with such dignities as fell to his father's son—President of the Pullman Company, Ambassador to St. James, Secretary of War—and was ashamed of the lowly origins of his family. The monumental work of Hay and Nicolay was written under his watchful eye, with the result that Hay wrote to Henry Adams: "Laws-a-mercy; if I had the criticizing of that book what a skinning I could give it!" He assured Beveridge that his work was superfluous. Mr. Hertz informs us that Horace G. Young and Nicholas Murray Butler had difficulty in persuading him to relinquish his activity in burning his father's papers, and confide them to the Library of Congress, under seal not to be broken until 1947. Since they contain evidence of the treason of a member of Lincoln's Cabinet, we await the date with some excitement.

The matters which Robert Lincoln was anxious to suppress are (1) the illegitimacy of Lincoln's mother, (2) the doubt in regard to Lincoln's own legitimacy, (3) his romance with Ann Rutledge, (4) his sexual dissipation during the years before his marriage, (5) the fatal attraction to Mary Todd, from which Lincoln fled on the night of the announced marriage but to which he finally succumbed, with the result that his home was in Herndon's words "a domestic hell on earth." As to the first, Herndon claims Lincoln's own statement, the truth of which is confirmed by the uncertainty of his mother's premarital name, whether Nancy Hanks or Nancy Sparrow. As to the second, there is a story that Thomas Lincoln found a certain Enloe with his wife under suspicious circumstances, beat him up and bit off his nose. This does not prove that Enloe was the father of Abraham Lincoln. If Thomas Lincoln was castrated the question is rightly posed by Herndon: When? Before Abraham's conception or later? On the whole, Herndon, after being "sorter wabbling" inclines to let the decision of Lincoln's paternity rest with the common law. What does it matter? When Lincoln told Herndon "All that I am or hope to be I got from my mother, God bless her," he uttered a sentiment to which every true American will respond with cheers. As to the third, the episode with Ann Rutledge has become the nation's love story. The fourth also rests on Lincoln's communication to Herndon, who credits his partner with "terribly strong passions for woman." Some confirmation of this exists in legendary form, as for example an episode which amusingly parallels Boccaccio's story ("Decameron," ninth day, novella six). Finally the external circumstances of Lincoln's marriage were known to all his neighbors, but the secret agony to a man of strong passions must be left to the imagination.

Herndon gives an unforgettable picture of Lincoln in his law office, with "his body on the sofa, one foot on one chair and one foot on the table. He spilt himself out easily over one-quarter of the room." Thus established he would read aloud, for he said, "when I read aloud I *hear* what is read and I see it; and hence two senses get it and I remember it better." Of a Sunday he might be seen in his shirt sleeves, hauling his babies in a little wagon, and too abstracted to notice when one fell out on the pavement. He would bring them up to his office, where the children would "scatter the books, smash up pens, spill the ink, and p—s all over the floor." No wonder Robert Todd Lincoln cried Hush! Boswell himself did not do a better job than Herndon.

Of Lincoln's character and its paradoxes he was a close student. He scoffs at the idea that people formed of Lincoln. "Oh, what a simple-minded man is Mr. Lincoln! So plain! So unambitious! So confiding!" On the contrary, Lincoln was ambitious, secretive, selfish, not insincere or mean, but "full of honesty, integrity, sincerity; open, fair and candid. . . . He was for Lincoln always, but with Lincoln's intense honesty." Again, Herndon repudiates the idea that Lincoln was soft, compounded of love and pity for humanity. "He moved men at pleasure and for his own ends. . . . They were his tools, and when they were used up he threw them aside and took up new tools. On principles he was as true as steel . . . his ends were his country's and man's." Lincoln was "awkward, angular, ungainly, odd, and being a sensitive man I think it added to his awkwardness." Yet "Lincoln had confidence, full and complete confidence in himself, self-thoughtful, self-helping and self-supporting, relying on no man."

In spite of Herndon's strictures against the official biographers of Lincoln, who aimed "to make a story popular with the classes as against the masses," he had qualms about telling the whole truth in the biography which bears his name. He wrote to his collaborator, Jesse Weik, to suppress the Nancy Hanks story. "I want the book to be a success, a complete success, and I am in favor of putting the book on the safe side." It is evident that the time is not yet for a definitive life of Lincoln. For that we must wait until 1947 shall raise the embargo placed by Robert Lincoln on his father's papers. When that time comes, however, the assiduous labors of Herndon will have their reward.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

[1] **The Hidden Lincoln: From the letters and papers of William H. Herndon, by Emanuel Hertz. New York: The Viking Press. 465 pages. $5.**

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From the Living Dead

Dry Guillotine, by René Belbenoit. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 345 pages. $3.

BESIDE this straight factual account of some twelve years in the various camps and islands of the French penal colony in Guiana (and almost four more spent in attempts to get clear), most of the existing Devil's Island literature seems either inadequate or lurid gossip. Belbenoit served honorably through the War, but got himself into shady business and drew an eight-year sentence. An aimless young man from the lower classes, the prison and its years of horror lifted him into a heroic steady objective he would never otherwise have attained. He was going to survive if it killed him; he was going to tell the whole story of Guiana. And he has covered the subject with grim objectivity and the crushing patient research of a trained sociologist, even to prison drawings, gossip, legend, songs.

He never worked on "Route Zero," building a road through malaria swamps from nowhere to nowhere else. He escaped two or three of the most lethal camps. But he did time almost everywhere from the capital and jungle camps to the islands; he made four unsuccessful breaks and learned every trick of the trade.

Quick thinking, a tough lasting will power and a very serviceable talent for writing lucid and reasoned analyses of the situation saved him from the certain death—by debility, pure despair or the quick restless knives of the old ones, the brutal *fort à bras* contingent within the ranks—reserved to more powerful and less troublesome men. A few decent doctors and convicts helped him here and there. But the most priceless aid to his purpose was the chance to work on the archives under the one decent governor, Siadous. French Guiana was his obsession, and by working sixteen hours a day he was able to satisfy not only Siadous but his own fierce private thirst for the history of the whole colony and its hidden scandals of administration.

His fifth escape took twenty-two months: by sea and through the jungle. Throughout that time he lugged thirty pounds of closely written manuscript, tightly wrapped in oilcloth. A little man, under five feet, covered with leg-iron wounds, bites and scurvy, lighter than his 100 pounds with tropic fever, all his teeth gone and his clothes in rags, he stumbled into Los Angeles with his thirty pounds of paper, the driving purpose of a lifetime written all over it and him, got somehow to a publisher and quietly worked the material into some 400 of the blackest pages in human history. Men have been cut, beaten, forced into madness, disease, perversion and starvation before, and will be again. Fever and treachery, sleeping all night in muck or the close air of ripening excreta, eating gamy human flesh and living without water—we have heard of all these things as the results of large-scale accidents or private plans for profit or revenge. But this picture, seen completely for the first time, is one of a deliberate social scheme whereby men, whether enemies of society or not, are methodically eaten away, further maddened by the serene eternal workings of a bureaucracy that must be one of the most thorough, brutal and stupid ever devised.

The story of this one survivor is awesome, yes; exciting, yes (read all about men carrying tools, money, tobacco in anal suppositories and thieves ripping their bowels to retrieve them, of men punching holes in their eyes to get to the hospital, etc.). But this book goes deep enough so that the personal adventure never lets you forget that when he arrived there fifteen years ago, this one man of the mere handful who have ever come back at all, was the 46,653rd (since 1852) guest of a system that still survives in the civilized world.

OTIS FERGUSON

Tomorrow Morning

Tomorrow, walking in the dew-bright fields
or singing with your voices pitched above
the catbird's whistle, tomorrow when you scheme
to break new records, raise production, then
think back on us. Mechanics of the morning,
you of the blunt hands, the sensitive fingers,
think back on us, remember these dry bones,
earth-yellow, not a word of us in the textbooks
—our graves, even, marked by no white stones.

Think back on us who argued through the night
in a closed and crowded room, our voices low
and spies who listened through the thin partitions
and traitors in the midst of us. Think back
on us who quarreled there, hating each other
more than the enemy, our cigarettes
smoked down to the last half-inch, our faces gray
under the stubble. Then the lights went out.
We heard machine guns tapping yesterday.

Think back on us who poured into the streets
cold in the dawn twilight, peopled with
mechanical voices screeching out their lies
into the mist, and airplanes overhead:
confusion, rumor, spreading from the skies.
A corpse was sprawled on the cathedral steps;
ours, for I knew his features in the beam
of a pocket flashlight. Now their riflemen
came slinking like the creatures of a dream,

crouching in doorways, always nearer. We
must rouse the labor unions, we must warn
the Central Committee. But the wires are down,
the streets are barricaded, the doors bolted
against us in a suddenly hostile town.
Too late to cry for help, too late to scurry
into safe hiding now. Across the broad
dark plaza, from the bull-ring by the river,
rises the rattle of the firing squad.

Think back on us, mechanics of tomorrow,
breakers of records, riders of the spray,
swimmers of air, think back on us who died
at Badajoz, like beasts in the arena,
at Canton, cornered in an alleyway.
Think back on us, the martyrs and the traitors,
the cowards even, swept by the same flood
of passion toward the morning that is yours:

O children born from, nourished with our blood.

MALCOLM COWLEY

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Mirrors of Versailles

At the Paris Peace Conference, by James T. Shotwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 455 pages. $4.

FOR A LONG TIME, those of us who had the privilege of knowing the manuscript of the "Shotwell diaries" have looked forward to their publication. They fill a gap in the vast literature on the Peace Conference most admirably: a close observer, a man of independent judgment, describes the atmosphere in which the Treaty of Versailles was produced. As a very active member of the American delegation and as a scholar with worldwide contacts, he has an unusual wealth of information at his disposal. There have been other literary attempts in the same direction. Some years ago, Harold Nicolson wrote his brilliant book on "Peacemaking," and, even earlier, Victor Schiff collected some sad reminiscences of "The Germans at Versailles." But both publications, valuable and fascinating though they are, lack certain qualities important for the serious student of European post-war developments. Schiff is a journalist full of understandable national resentment, and Nicolson is a writer who sets out to prove mainly one point. Only Shotwell is a calm, experienced historian who wants to tell in all modesty how things really happened.

It is not necessary to compare the diaries of the two Anglo-Saxon authors in detail to find out the contrast of their temperaments and their technique. The introductions they give to their records of the Conference unveil immediately their different approaches: Nicolson, in his long treatise, "As It Seems Today," accuses; Shotwell, in his rather short "Retrospect," analyzes. He is far from being uncritical in his reflections and explanations. Although he deeply believes in Wilson's political vision, he sees all the limitations of the President's character, particularly his lack of magnanimity and his one-track mind. And he admits frankly certain weaknesses of Wilson's diplomatic strategy, without condemning it in the wholesale manner Nicolson likes. Shotwell makes it very plain how, at least in the beginning, the experts were ignored by the leading men of the American delegation (Lansing followed here the President's example) and how they were later on pushed almost unduly into the foreground. But only after the Treaty had been signed—just one day before landing in New York—he had a personal talk with Wilson on the subject of the International Labor Organization. And there he discovered that the President "had never given the problems any serious consideration before." What a horrible disappointment for the man who had done so much in Paris to call the ILO into existence!

There are many interesting sidelights on other Conference delegates. Shotwell praises Colonel House's strong sense of leadership in the work of the "Inquiry" and describes the task the members of that secret body had in the last stage of the War. Balfour seems to sleep at Conference meetings, but is immediately on the job when something is said affecting British interests; J. M. Keynes is "in high good humor" about the final surrender of the German fleet; Lawrence of Arabia talks about flying in the desert. Most remarkable among the labor leaders with whom Shotwell coöperates are Albert Thomas, who would like to see Constantinople under French control, and Samuel Gompers—to whose phrase, "Men do not know how safe a thing freedom is," our diarist adds: "Nor the price that must be paid for permanent peace."

Finally, Shotwell tells how the Treaty was signed and how people felt about the ceremony in Versailles: "Everyone with whom I spoke was sorry for the Germans. The effect intended had miscarried." Shotwell admits that the faulty organization of the Conference was largely responsible for the impossible document. That the terms were not modified, was partly due to distrust of the German delegation. Shotwell blames Brockdorff-Rantzau for the speech he made when he received the text of the Treaty and for his aggressive diplomatic methods in general. But there is no probability that a German Talleyrand would have succeeded in getting more reasonable terms; the time for real peace negotiations had not yet come. F. E. HIRSCH

$12 Words on the Dance

World History of the Dance, by Curt Sachs. Translated by Bessie Schonberg. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 481 pages, illustrated. $5.

MAN'S MOVEMENTS in dance are natural within his physical limitations, even when he is being unnatural, until the Oracular-on-High-Delphic-Prophetic language of The Dance takes possession. Then the first sentence invariably is—as is true of this ponderous work on the dance's history—"The Dance is the mother of the arts." In Harlem there is a proper reverence for twelve-dollar words—in their place; but big talk is not used in connection with the "primitive" movements of taps or the Big Apple. Everyone is satisfied if adequate response is made by the dancer to the request that he or she "go to town."

It always has surprised me that the simple, or even involved, rhythms of man in dance required a specialized jargon of pseudo-scientific esthetics—like the latest term, "kinesthesia" in Empty Space, through which the "modern" dance seeks to pivot its Visions on Dr. Pavlov's reflexes—entangling the dance so it can hardly move. Yet almost all specialized dance writing is of this character. (I happen to believe that the best writing on dance is that of writers primarily concerned with dramatic, musical and literary criticism.)

> The body, which in ecstasy is conquered and forgotten and which becomes merely a receptacle for the superhuman power of the soul, which achieves happiness and bliss in the accelerated movements of a body freed of its own weight; the need to dance because an effervescent zest for life forces the limb from sloth, and the desire to dance, because the dancer gains magic powers which bring him victory, health, life; a mystic tie binding the tribe when it joins hands in the choral dance, and the unconstrained dance of the individual in utter devotion to self—there is no "art" which includes so much.

I pass over the Germanic weight of this thought, sunk in its own depth—a type of exhortatory writing characteristic of this entire work—to consider its culminating conclusion, another "fundamental" of dance literature, that "there is no 'art' which includes so much." A book which begins with the assertion that "the dance is the mother of all the arts" must argue, I suppose, that no art can include so

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much—or that "the dance in its essence is simply life on a higher level."

Dr. Sachs classifies dance as of two main forms: imageless, image. These two classifications have many subdivisions, more or less based upon the distinctions of introvert for the imageless dancer, and extravert for the image dancer. These classifications he supports with illustrations from types of primitive dancing. But after a hundred or more pages he comes to the conclusion that perhaps both introvert and extravert contain something of the other. "But does not every people, every individual, carry in the bloodstream something of the extravert and introvert . . . and out of this duality . . . do we not draw our highest powers?"

It is this type of rhetorical anthropology-ethnology-psychology which always has seemed futile to me. To relate man to his primitive savage state is—elementary emotions apart—inevitably guessing after the fact. And the "fact" too often is an unsubstantiated premise. Even if the guess were approximate, we would be no nearer primitive man. "Primitive savage man" is a conception contemporary to each successive society which has speculated nostalgically on this romantic theme. And each society's picture is its own—affording us our own "modern-primitive." Primitive man did not "know" he was being primitive. This not "seeing" of himself can be illustrated superficially by the "moral" gesture of the contemporary dancer who, while she rotates her belly, "shyly" covers her eyes with her hand. We are "primitive" with that difference. And the use of such terms as "inner experience" as fishhooks for the Higher Emotions will catch them for us only in the literature of such books as these.

Dr. Sachs displays a fervent predisposition for the "primitive" dance—the "virility"—as against the exhibitionist dance which, as he puts it, "in all the high cultures, in ancient Egypt as in India, eastern Asia and classical antiquity, the mimetic powers crystallize in the dance into a work of art intended for exhibition dance. . . . Natural phenomena, hunting and agriculture, combat and love, myth and tribal history—all these themes glide smoothly from the old, purely religious dance, which desires only to be itself and to work magic, into the new form which desires to make believe and produce esthetic effects."

It is because he is on the Unconscious side that Dr. Sachs can make the statement that Isadora Duncan—who ends his history—"breathed life into the statues of the Greeks. She frees the old Hellenic dance from the rigidity of sculpture, from its sleep in the museums." In the first place, the Hellenic sculptors were not concerned with dance so much as with the form of sculpture. Second, Hellenic sculpture is not rigid. Third, what Isadora did was her idea of the nature of the Greek dance. One thing anyone who has made a study of the extant Greek forms realizes is that the great Isadora did not do Greek dancing.

I believe the best way to read this book is for its research and, remembering the bias of the author, to make one's own conclusions. Much information, technical as well as descriptive, of interest to layman and professional, in the "Golden Bough" sense, up to the forms of the early twentieth century, is contained in its handsomely printed pages. There are many illustrations, including four fine drawings of Isadora by Abraham Walkowitz.

ANGNA ENTERS

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When Bowed Heads Lifted

Tomorrow's Bread, by Beatrice Bisno. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. $2.50.

THE SECOND GREATEST quality a novel can have is truth to life; but the first is the quality of excitement, without which truth cannot be communicated. This novel is biographical; no author could have the courage to present such a background, such incident, such characters, were they merely imagined; here is truth to life because it is a bald transcript of life. And it has an inner excitement that more than compensates for any lack of verbal felicities.

Broadly, it is the story of how the Central European Jewish immigrants lifted their heads, squared their shoulders, came out of the Ghetto and made America keep its promise to them. Specifically it is the story of emancipation through the organization of the needle crafts. It is a picture of a social stratum and a social process. Here are the reeking Ghetto, the futile old Talmudic scholars, the patient, prolific, puzzled mothers; here are all the varieties of individual escape; we watch the emergence of the successful Jewish business man, the clever Jewish lawyer; but we watch something greater—the rise of sweating, groaning masses of workers into dignity and power. And in their leader, Sam Karenski, we meet one of the real heroes of modern fiction. Gaunt, crude, his tie always crooked and his vest always spotted; cruel, unfaithful to his wives, fanatical; yet a hero because no suffering, no defeat, could keep him from following the vision by which in the long years he led his people out of the house of bondage. Never, while he had nothing but his union card and a pocketful of unpaid bills, could life get Sam Karenski down; but life had an ironic revenge when it chained his later years in the twin gyves of illness and wealth, tormented by his wronged wife, deserted by his children; the final irony was death in a moment of the pettiest domestic strife, yet with extraordinary art, Miss Bisno makes it the death of a hero.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

An Economist in Harness

The World's Wealth: Its Use and Abuse, by Broadus Mitchell. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 782 pages. $4.

IN THE PREFACE to this volume Professor Broadus Mitchell makes the statement that most economists have had to unlearn their formal training. What this must mean is that most economists have rejected their intellectual inheritance and have adopted significantly new ways of analyzing economic problems. It seems to me very doubtful whether anyone, least of all Professor Mitchell, really believes that this has been accomplished. Furthermore, his volume on "The World's Wealth: Its Use and Abuse" might very well be used as Exhibit A in arguing the case that economists are, by and large, still operating in an intellectual harness that was fashioned in the nineteenth century. A glance at the table of contents indicates that in this book there is no real break with tradition. An examination of the text reveals that what Professor Mitchell

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is really doing is adding a little spice to a staple dish. One does not and cannot break with tradition in any really significant sense by making an otherwise rather boresome subject relatively lively and interesting.

It is not, of course, an easy matter for a trained person to unlearn his formal training. Most economists would argue that there is no real need for their doing so. In a certain sense the author of this book is close to turning this trick. But there are still definite marks of a surprising degree of orthodoxy. There is a strictly traditional division of the subject matter. All the regular topics are taken up in the regular order. What is more important, they are treated very much in the customary fashion. The subject matter is presented more interestingly than is usual in textbooks on economics, and this is all to the good. The material is interspersed with admirable accounts of the lives of many of the important figures in the history of economic thought.

But there is far less here, of a direct sort, about the use and abuse of wealth than one might expect in view of the title of the book. Professor Mitchell would do well to take this topic—"The Use and Abuse of Wealth"—and write directly about it in his own way. People with the gifts of this author might do a great deal in the way of raising the level of economic intelligence. The general reader, for whom this book is designed (so the jacket says) is ready and anxious to read in economics. But I suspect that the diet which is provided here is too academic to suit his taste. Many of the things in which the general reader is interested are insufficiently developed and there is an abundance of material, all of it staple fare in the elementary economics courses of this country, which will neither interest nor enlighten the man who simply wants to know something about what is going on in his world.

A good deal is being said nowadays about words and how they come to dominate things. Broadus Mitchell is capable of seeing through a good deal of this verbal screen and writing effectively on the operation of the economic system. But it does not seem to me that he has done that very successfully in this book. R. J. SAULNIER

New Books: A Reader's List

U. S. 1: MAINE TO FLORIDA, compiled and edited by the Federal Writers' Project (Modern Age, 95 cents). A gem of a guide for those who want to dodge, or find, weather—or merely get acquainted with the Atlantic Coast region. Thirteen seaboard states, what you can get to eat there, topography, historical gossip and background, sights to be seen, how far from place to place. But finding photographs of Maryland in the Virginia section, Rhode Island in New Hampshire, etc., in an otherwise beautifully planned book, makes one wonder.

WAR IN CHINA, by Varian Fry (Foreign Policy Association, 95 cents). Background of war—a primer of oriental-occidental relations from 400 B.C. to the day before yesterday, with excellent maps and a clear summary of the courses of action among which the United States must now choose. Required antidote to newspaper confusion.

CATALONIA INFELIX, by E. Allison Peers (Oxford Press, $3). A cultural and political history of Catalonia from the tenth century, this treatise labors to prove that fascism will fulfill the aspirations of Catalonia better than the Loyalist government.

LEON BLUM: MAN AND STATESMAN, by Geoffrey Fraser and Thadée Natanson (Lippincott, $3). "The only authorized biography" written by a competent journalist and an intimate friend. A definite improvement upon the only other biography (by Stokes), but the spirit is essentially the same: more sympathetic than clear-sighted.

REVOLT U.S.A., by Lamar Middleton (Stackpole Sons, $3). A workmanlike history of ten violent uprisings (not including the Revolutionary and Civil Wars) that have taken place in the United States, beginning with Bacon's rebellion and ending with the revolt of Milo Reno's farmers. The lesson drawn is that revolutions in the United States, because of our peculiar national characteristics, seldom achieve their desired ends.

LAUGHING ODYSSEY, by Eileen Bigland (Macmillan, $2.50). A humorous Englishwoman finds discomfort, comedy and hope in Russia, the one country in the world that "has learned the serenity of living." Good reading for worried liberals.

MOMENTS OF MEMORY, by Herbert A. Asquith (Scribners, $3.50). The son of England's War Premier writes one of those empty autobiographies through which the

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simulacra of great issues and personalities move with ghostly unreality. Certain glimpses of the elder Asquith, however, and a battle or two, possess some vitality.

TONIA, by Yuri Herman (Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50). The story of a Russian girl's transition from tragedy and groping loneliness to the fulfilment which comes from constructive work. The political implications are injected as subtly and disarmingly as the love interest; the whole tale is told in an even, well modulated key, with a blend of pathos, understatement and delicate humor. Translated from the Russian by Stephen Garry.

BURMESE SILVER, by Edward Thompson (Dutton, $2.50). A half-caste English official, after going wrong in India, sets himself up as an independent potentate in the Burmese hinterland. A romantic story (and a nice role for George Arliss), but also a warning to small oriental states with large deposits of wealth that if the British don't get them some other nation will—and the narrator thinks that it had really better be the British.

LOVE AND HAPPINESS, by I. M. Hotep (Knopf, $2). Under a pseudonym, a physician described as having "for many years enjoyed an enormous medical practice" writes a sensible and realistic book on sex, and especially the sex relations of the unmarried woman. He is unmercifully severe in discussing the harm done by puritanism, and especially the attitude of the churches, in fostering frigidity and other abnormalities.

Contributors

ROBERT CANTWELL, author of "Laugh and Lie Down" and "The Land of Plenty," is completing a third novel. He is on the staff of Time.

LEONARD CARLTON is a New York newspaperman whose articles have appeared in several magazines. He is at present engaged in a study of European militarism.

KENNETH BURKE is the author of several books, including "Permanence and Change" and "Attitudes Toward History," both published in The New Republic Dollar Series.

F. E. HIRSCH is a lecturer and librarian at Bard College at Annandale-on-Hudson and has contributed articles on historical subjects to many periodicals.

ANGNA ENTERS, one of the leading modern exponents of the dance, is the author of a book, "First Person Plural," published last spring by Stackpole.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL is the author of "The Blossomy Bough," "The Light Feet of Goats" and other volumes of verse.

R. A. SAULNIER, an instructor of Economics at Columbia University, is the author of a volume on "Contemporary Monetary Theories," which will be published in the spring.

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